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Next week

THE BOWL GAMES unfold in a special report headed by Dan Jenkins' account of the Ohio State-USC fight for No. 1. Included are paintings of key action in color by Bernard Fuchs

SYBARITE PUERTO RICO is suddenly in with the winter fun crowd, and Robert M. Boyle reports on a new pleasure dome, El Conquistador. Ernst Haas photographs resort fashions

ORIENTEERING is a very simple sport—if one has an encephalic mind, a bull's thimble and the instinct of a homing pigeon. Unfortunately, Clive Gammon is not so endowed

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SHOPWALK

Somewhere in every amateur's flight plan is the shop called Pilotage, Inc.

Pilotage, Inc. has none of the atmosphere generally associated with amateur flying: the grease-stained tarmac strip and the pungent smell of gasoline. Instead it is redolent of elegantly coiffed women and sizzling pizza. Pilotage is, in fact, a very smart shop located in a rear courtyard of a tiny suburban shopping center at 186A Skokie Valley Road, Highland Park, Ill. and dedicated exclusively to the needs of amateur pilots.

They come to Pilotage by the score and write in by the hundreds for flight jackets, flight helmets, flight cases and flight chronometers ("There are only two other places in the Chicago area where you can get chronometers like these," says Founder-Proprietor Bill Bennett, an ex-sports-writer), for flight charts, flight computers, map lights and flight logs ("We're working with an airline pilot on a design for a jet-age flight log"), for earphones, boom mikes, wind socks and captain's chairs ("For an extra \$5 we put your plane's identification on the back"), for books, games, LPs, jewelry, and portable radios ("With this model you get a directional antenna, aviation weather forecasts, and you can tune in on tower talk. Even when they're at home or in their cars, a lot of pilots like to hear the tower talking to pilots"). There is an almost baffling array of exotica aimed at the flying buff—from a special windshield cleaner to special sunglasses.

Bennett is a slender, candid, somewhat diffident man who took up private flying only a couple of years ago even though he had flown all over the world on business and pleasure trips. It wasn't until he started taking flying lessons that he became aware of the almost exponential growth of aviation. In four years there had been a doubling of what the Federal Aviation Agency called "general aviation local operations"—i.e., private flying and instruction at FAA tower-operated airports—and by 1977, the FAA estimated, that figure would probably quadruple.

There was evidence of an increasing awareness of this market: two new publications devoted to sport flying had started and Abercrombie & Fitch had included four aviation items in its latest catalog. At the same time there were few places a flying buff could go to get everything he needed, "as boating enthusiasts do, or sports-car rallyists."

"It was improved," says Bennett, "by all the stuff available for pilots and the fact that there was practically no place around for them to buy it."

He decided to start a place—"I always wanted to run my own business"—but not at an airport. "You don't have to go to a

continued



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SHOPWALK

golf course to buy golf equipment," he says.

You don't have to go to the waterfront to buy boating equipment. One of the largest marine-supplies stores in Chicago is miles from the lake. "Moreover, an airport location would not help at all in one aspect of the business," the mail-order potential here is limitless. "And finally he suspected what the airport might do to the personalities of his shop. 'Most airports are cold places. You can't even find people to talk to at a lot of private airports.' He wanted the store to be 'a center for fun—a place to come in and chat and talk flying.' So he looked for a congenial spot away from an airport and near an expressway. He found it just a few hundred feet from where Edens Expressway ends its run north from Chicago and merges with Skokie Highway.

At the age of 43, Bill Bennett decided to put his life's savings into the venture. "My wife had a full-time job as a chemist so it wasn't as if we couldn't eat." He took out ads in living publications and in the Chicago Tribune. And he hung up the name in foot-high letters at the top of the store. "Piloting," he explains, "is simply an historic form of air navigation. You use ground references—a railroad, a toll road. It comes from the days when there were no air maps, only road maps. You'd get up in the air in New Jersey and follow the New York Central and Santa Fe tracks to California." Bennett used piloting in building his inventory.

"I made a lot of mistakes," he admits, "because there was nobody around to tell me what was good and what was not."

Today he has an inventory of hundreds of items, ranging in price from 10¢ for an out-of-date air chart that can be used as wall decoration for a recreation room" to \$129.95 (for the top-of-the-line radio). It includes everything from pennies (for survival kits) to a Hummer Element Range I tender to portable plastic urinals, from a Snoopy doll in goggles and soft flying helmet (for chasing the Red Baron) to such book titles as *Medical Aspects of High Altitude Flight* and *Planes of the Royal Air Force Since 1917* (at a hefty \$17.90 a copy).

The shop has given Bill Bennett a great deal of pleasure. It has given him the joy of ownership. "I like to come in and vacuum the floors, because it's *my* shop," he says. It has given him the pleasure of authority.

"I think I know more about certain aspects of flight merchandising than anybody else. I can tell you what are the *best* materials to get for flight instruction when even an expert might not know, he won't have seen them all." It has failed to give him only one thing: the time to go out and enjoy flying. "I haven't even gotten my private pilot's ticket yet," he says with a frown. "Just too busy around the store."

— WILLIAM F. KROHN

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SCORECARD

WILTED ROBES

After seven months of disgraceful delay, the Kentucky State Racing Commission has handed down its findings in the Kentucky Derby drug case. It has ruled that Forward Pass, who finished second, will receive the winner's purse. At the same time, it said that its findings do not affect the official order of finish (those who bet on Daner's Image to win were paid off on Derby Day and now, presumably the colt's name will appear on souvenir polep glasses and other places of distinction).

We are not satisfied. All that the commission has done is reaffirm what the Churchill Downs stewards did last May: disqualify, in effect, a horse and slap his trainer on the wrist. Neither the stewards then nor the commissioners now have done anything to restore the image of this sadly tarnished race. That a Derby winner was drugged was a stunning blow, but early and decisive action could have nullified the effect of that blow. Yet the world of Kentucky racing—commission, stewards, lawyers, breeders, squint-eyed men leaning on fence rails at the breeding farms—has spent seven months befondling the central issue, hoping that things would quiet down and pass away. Kentucky racing kept worrying about the courts. A sport must be able to police itself. Let court proceedings come later, if they must. The much-disputed chemical tests have been supported, which means the commission agrees that the horse was indeed doped illegally. But who did it? Will the commission try to find out? Or is the commission saying that the 30-day suspensions imposed by the stewards on the trainer and assistant trainer will suffice, that this settles all responsibility in the case? Doesn't Kentucky really care?

POTBELLIES

As long as we are picking on sports that do not seem able to govern themselves properly, let us jump upon base-

ball for a while. When the owners abruptly forced General William Ecken into retirement a month ago, the action was publicly criticized for being cruel and heartless but secretly admired for being evidence of a new, refreshing trend. Baseball was finally catching up with the times—it had recognized at last that it needed vigorous leadership, and the often warring owners had united in a search for that leadership. Then, in mid-December, came news that an all-night session of baseball's hierarchy had failed to produce the new leader, and that the 19 fruitless ballots had split along narrow lines of league prejudice. Baseball had gone out and bought a new, modern, streamline suit, but the same old potbelly thinking was running the fit.

Maybe baseball can still get lucky and come up with a winner, as the NFL did when it took on Pete Rozelle, who is an owners' man but who runs their business with a ruthless insistence on doing what is right for them, whether they like it or not. Maybe baseball will, but right now it sure doesn't look like it.

EASY IS EASY

Boston University unexpectedly enough has a hockey player named Herb Wakabayashi. It is utterly unsentimental to blame him; he is of Japanese extraction and has never even visited Hong Kong, but six members of the BU hockey team decided that they had come down with the "Wakabayashi flu."

HONORED

An award is given to honor the man. Sometimes the man honors the award. Bill Russell, our Sportsman of the Year for 1988, said last week after receiving the Grecian amphora as a symbol of excellence: "I'm really excited about this award, more so than for anything else I've ever received. I knew a long time ago that I was a great athlete, a lot of people knew it, but not many people knew that I was a man. But being a man—that's what this trophy is all about."

"I'll have tried to do anything I can to make this world a better place for my children by doing what I think is right. Not what is expedient, but what is right. I want to make it possible for my children to succeed or fail on their personal merits. If they fail, they fail, I'll still love them just as much. But if they have what it takes to succeed, then all they have to do is work at it. Now, I have never discussed my trophies with my children. I don't even talk basketball with them. That's my public life, and we have a thing going in our private life. But I will discuss this award with them. I will discuss it with them because it says, 'Your father is recognized as a man. Not as an athlete, a tall guy, a black man. Just a man.'"

LOSE A COUPLE

Here are a few late scores left over from the hunting season. The hunted lost two but did rack up one refreshing upset. The



upset occurred in Ontario, where for several years now conservation officials have kept track of wandering moose by utilizing helicopters in the often difficult tagging operation. The chopper pilot locates a moose near a lake and chases it into the water until it is swimming. Then the chopper hovers just over the moose while a conservation officer crawls out on a pommom and snaps a tag on the helpless animal's ear. At least, that was the procedure until this past year, when the moose markers began to use self-expanding collars with distinctive markings that make it easy to identify individual moose from the air.

continued

Ever try to put a collar on a 1,500-pound moose? It has been reported to us—we regret that we cannot guarantee the accuracy of fish and moose stories—that one day a chopper crew spotted a big, mean-looking bull moose and dutifully herded it into the lake. The pilot brought the chopper down to hovering position, but as he did the bull found solid footing in the water—maybe a rock, maybe an underwater ridge. He braced himself, heaved his massive antlers upward and flipped the chopper over onto its rotors. The moose, uncollared, swam serenely away while the pilot and conservation man, wet and red-faced, waded ashore.

Returns from other precincts were not as good for antlered folk. Near McCanna, N. Dak., a moose was killed by people shooting nothing more deadly than cameras. Five eager photographer-farmers spotted the moose, who refused to pose, and chased him for three miles in pickup trucks. Now and then the moose faked them out and lost them, but a friend of the photographers, flying in a small plane overhead, kept the ground forces apprised of the moose's location by two-way radio until, finally, the animal fell dead, presumably of exhaustion. "We don't see many moose in these parts," explained the local sheriff ruefully.

And in Rocky Mount, Va., a 22-year-old elementary-school teacher named Dennis Valianos saw a deer wander into the school yard about noon. He and a student went outside and tried to chase the animal back into the woods to keep it from wandering out onto the highway. The deer, instead of running, backed into a fence, and the teacher, instead of chasing it, jumped on it and began to wrestle it. "I don't know what made me do it," Valianos said later, "but about the time I grabbed him I saw his spikes and realized it was a buck. I had thought at first it was a doe."

He let go, and the deer ran around the fence and into a field, where it stopped. Valianos went into the school cafeteria, got a knife and trotted into the field, too. The deer began to run. "He was panting, and I could tell he was tired," Valianos said, "but when he took off running I thought he was gone. So I threw the knife at him." The knife hit the deer in the shoulder and fell off, but the animal stopped. Valianos picked up the knife, jumped on

the buck again and, after a few minutes of wrestling, cut its throat. The deer, still not dead, broke away, but Valianos chased it, caught it again and finished the job. It was all legal—even with the knife. It was hunting season, and Valianos had his hunting license in his back pocket.

YELLOW WEDGE, PLEASE

The Bob Hope Desert Classic golf tournament, Feb. 5-9 in Palm Springs, will have red sand traps on par-5 holes, white on par-4 and blue on par-3. For color TV, of course. The greens will remain green.

RUN FOR THE HILLS

KNX radio in Los Angeles currently broadcasts USC football and basketball, Los Angeles Lakers basketball and Los Angeles Kings hockey. But USC, the Lakers and the Kings have been notified that KNX will not renew its contract to do any of their games next season. CBS headquarters in New York has decided that KNX will become a 100% news station. Thus, sports buffs in Southern California have lost an old, familiar radio friend.

Trade rumors say that both KFI and KLAC have expressed interest in picking up the USC two-sport package, but so far broadcasters have not shown much evidence of being interested in either the Lakers or the Kings. It may be a sign of the times. After all, the New York Mets' principal radio outlet is WJRZ, which is a country-music station in Hackensack, New Jersey.

SIMON-PURE AS DRIVEN SNOW

The world of amateur skiing is in ferment, primarily because amateur skiing is big business. Under an experimental *Fédération Internationale de Ski* rule, an amateur skier can now profit from his sport by capitalizing on his name and reputation via jobs, subsidies, endorsements, signed articles in newspapers and magazines and the like. The result of this experiment will be examined in May at the FIS meeting in Barcelona, at which approval of open skiing may be voted. If it is, the International Olympic Committee, which meets the same month in Warsaw, may have a decision of its own to make: whether or not to throw skiing out of the Olympic Games—though, admittedly, a Winter Olympics without skiing,

particularly Alpine skiing, is going to be pretty flat.

The FIS says that regulation of the more liberal rule is up to the individual country. France and Austria, for instance, which subsidize skiing because of its importance to tourism, have no objections to individual skiers receiving direct payments. Other countries, like the U.S., prefer that the money earned by skiing be put into a central fund for the continued support and development of the sport.

The money earned is not inconceivable. Bob Beattie, ex-U.S. Alpine coach, has worked with Mark McCormack's International Management, Inc., which is the U.S. Ski Association's agent. International Management runs around lining up commercial endorsements and lucrative appearances for the U.S. ski team, like the Dec. 6-7 "races" between France and the U.S., which ABC-TV bought and photographed for a color-television special to be shown late in January. The match had French and U.S. skiers racing *muso a muso* down parallel courses rather than one after the other on the same course against the clock. Some people argue that this is not ski racing in the accepted sense, but Billy Kidd of the U.S. team said, "The spectators will like it. It will be a good TV show."

The U.S. Ski Association picked up \$65,000 for the job, not bad for an amateur outfit (the French got \$10,000 of that, plus expenses). The U.S. ski team operates on an annual budget of \$365,000—that breaks down to precisely \$1,000 a day—most of which is being raised this year by television and commercial contracts largely obtained through Beattie.

"Things have loosened up in the world of amateurs," Beattie says. "I'm for a realistic approach. Let's take all those advertising dollars."

WAITING FOR GIACOMINI'S FIRST

Perhaps you haven't heard about the goalie who a few weeks back almost became the first of his persuasion in National Hockey League history to score a goal. The New York Rangers' Ed Giacomin was defending against a Montreal power play in the dying seconds of a game when he stopped a shot and moved to clear the puck. He suddenly realized that a clear path lay between him and the empty Montreal goal (the Canadiens,

continued

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Dep for Men—the hairstyling products

SCORECARD *continued*

of course, had taken their goals out of the game for the last-ditch power play. "It was my big chance," Giacomin said. He swung his heavy goalkeeper's stick and more or less shoved the puck up the ice. Slowly, like a determined glacier, the puck made its way from one end of the rink to the other. "Boy, did it go slow," Giacomin said. "I was hoping it would hit a bump. I knew from the time it passed our blue line that it was going to be off."

Unhappily, it was. It sidled past about a foot to the right side of the cage, thus costing Giacomin a unique place in hockey history.

FACADE

Victoria Park in Adelaide, Australia has become the first racetrack in history to open a thousand-dollar (\$1,120 in U.S. currency) ticket window. Soon horse racing will be in a class with Broadway musicals.

But the window (which had its own armed guard) was open for only one day. The Adelaide Racing Club held one all-totalitarian meeting at the track because of a dispute with book makers, who usually handle some of the heavier action. The disagreement was settled, and the window has not been used again. Nobody used it, anyway.

TAKE THAT

Boxing builds you up better than robbery. Not long ago Alex Venetis, a former Golden Gloves champion, emerged from a Detroit bank carrying, with ease, a bag of some \$400 in silver. A man with a knife demanded the money. When Venetis handed the bag over, its weight so surprised the robber that he grabbed it with both hands. And Venetis knocked him out with a right.

THEY SAID IT

- Minnesota Coach Murray Warmath, talking about O. J. Simpson's future in pro football: "He should run for the openings. If they try to make a power runner out of him, it would be like putting plumbing tools in the hands of a violinist."
- John Bridges, ex-Baylor coach, now a Dallas Cowboy scout: "In pro football, it's obvious that you must win. In college football there's sometimes talk of other goals, but when you get right down to it that's what really matters there, too."

END

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Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 6, 1968

BALTIMORE LOWERS



Cleveland's famed ground-gelter Leroy Kelly (44) goes nowhere but down as he is hit by Defensive End Roy Hill.

THE BOOM

By flattening pro football's best runner and operating their own impeccable offense with ease, the Colts won the NFL championship, whitewashing Cleveland 34-0.

CONTINUED



The Colts' formidable Dennis Gribatz shouts orders to defense.

A Cleveland pass receiver is manhandled by Safelayers Rick Vait.



Running Back Jerry Hill helps tear apart the beleaguered Browns.

Hardly hiding his delight, Coach Dan Stue thinks superthoughts.



THE GAME THAT GOT RID OF THE FRUSTRATION

by **TEX MAULE**

The stakes were a championship and a crack at \$15,000 per man in the Super Bowl, and a good old pro football team beat a good young one. So if 80,000 Cleveland fans were reduced to chilled glumness, the result was hardly shocking. Still, seldom in the long history of NFL championship games has one team so thoroughly dominated the other as did Baltimore in shattering the Browns 34-0 at Municipal Stadium last Sunday.

It was a prodigious display of almost flawless football. The Colts, executing Don Shula's stratagems with precision and flair, succeeded in reducing the Browns to a state of confusion by midway of the third period. When it was all over and the Browns had repaired to their dressing room to suffer in seclusion, Coach Blanton Collier looked in surprise at the troop of writers who came in to find out what had happened.

"I didn't know so many people would come to see the body," he said. "They really gave us a licking. Penalties destroyed our momentum, but penalties don't make that much difference."

"The penalties changed our offensive philosophy," said Paul Warfield, Cleveland's dangerous split end. "We would make a good gain, get a penalty and, instead of a being second and maybe three or four yards, it would be first and 15. That meant the Baltimore line could just blow in on Nelsen."

The Baltimore line did, indeed, spend most of the afternoon blowing in on Bill Nelsen. The Cleveland quarterback, who is not a tall man, found himself surrounded by tall rushers time and again and never was able to locate his receivers with any degree of success. Cleveland's hopes in this game had been predicated, first, upon repeating the running attack that had been instrumental in the 30-20 regular season victory over Baltimore, then upon a passing attack utilizing the considerable talents of wide receivers Gary Collins and Warfield and Tight End Milt Morn.

The Baltimore defensive backs keyed on Morn and came up to the line of

scrimmage instantly when they saw him block for a sweep by Leroy Kelly, the league's leading rusher who had gained 130 yards and scored two touchdowns in that victory. In this game, Kelly was so effectively shackled that he finished the day with 28 yards on 13 rushing attempts.

"We had to stop their running game," Colt Defensive Captain Ordell Brasse said when it was all over. "Kelly killed us in the first game on sweeps and draws. We felt that if we could shut off the run, we would force the Browns into doing other things that they do not do so well. We didn't change our defenses in any basic way. We simply read their offense better. When they could not run, they began to grow desperate and we could put more pressure on the passer and shut off the pass, too."

The Baltimore defense, which is the best in football, operated so efficiently that Cleveland's deepest penetration all day was to the Colts' 33-yard line. This came in the third quarter and by then the game was well lost. Meanwhile, the Baltimore striking force completely bamboozled a Cleveland defensive team that seemed disconcerted early and disorganized late. The Colts gave the Browns a bewildering variety of offensive sets to look at and added wrinkles to their running game that opened huge holes in the heart of the Cleveland line.

In the first quarter Baltimore came out several times with Tight End John Mackey occupying the up position in an I-formation backfield. The Colts had used the formation a few times in 1967 but had not shown it at all in 1968. No significant gains came off this strange alignment, but it created doubt and hesitation among the Cleveland defenders.

The most effective formation for the Colts was one they call "wing left opposite." This sends their two wide receivers—Jimmy Orr and Willie Richardson—to the wide side of the field, with Mackey on the narrow side. The Colts have used this often enough but usually only for passing plays. In this game, to confound the Browns, they ran, sending

Tom Matte bustling back to the side away from the two receivers.

Mackey, a burly 220-pounder who is an exceptional blocker, handled the Cleveland defensive end (usually Ron Sadow) while Jerry Hill, the tough, violent Baltimore fullback, blocked on the linebacker. Matte, who may not be the fastest back in the league but is surely the most determined, repeatedly slashed inside or outside the blocks for substantial yardage.

Although Earl Morrall did not have an exceptional day throwing the ball, he called a very heady game, varying the Baltimore running attack by calling Matte and Hill on traps up the middle and on late draws. The Colt offensive line responded with beautiful trap blocks on the Cleveland tackles and with irresistible surge blocks. Surge blocking is what it sounds like. Some teams call it drive blocking, but all it means is that the offensive linemen block straight ahead and the back follows the surge.

"They were very much aware of the pass," Morrall said after the game. "I think that may be why they were so vulnerable to the blocks. Of course, our offensive line did a great job, but they have been doing a great job all year long. I was a little surprised that our running game went so well, but when it did it set up everything else."

In the first quarter Baltimore fenced with the Browns, feeling out their defense and examining their offense and playing with a degree of caution abandoned later when the Colts became sure that their diagnoses of both phases of the Cleveland game were correct. As the quarter ended, Baltimore began to move with the authority that was to grow minute by minute for the rest of the day. Morrall, starting from his own 31-yard line, passed to Jimmy Orr on the left sideline for 14 yards, Orr deceiving Brown Cornerback Ben Davis. Morrall missed Mackey twice, then went to his right, where Willie Richardson had outmaneuvered Erich Barnes, something he was to repeat several times.

With the Cleveland defense properly

continued

impressed by the pass, and the Cleveland defensive line overly conscious of its obligation to get in on the quarterback, Morrall switched to the run. From the wing-left-opposite formation, Matte ran for six and 12, then up the middle on a trap for three more. But Morrall overhrew receivers twice and Baltimore had to settle for a 28-yard field goal 15 seconds into the second quarter.

The Baltimore defense, playing now with the confident abandon that has made it the stingiest in football, slammed Kelly to the ground on an attempted sweep, trapped Nielsen for a 13-yard loss when he tried to pass and, though it gave up a 10-yard gain to Kelly on a screen pass, forced the Browns to punt. This time Morrall started from his own 40 and dazzled the Cleveland defense with a marvelous mélange of offensive plays. With his two wide receivers deployed to the left, he sent Mackey for 10 yards around the left flank on an end-around. Then he called Fullback Jerry Hill up the middle for four yards and, faking the same play, threw to Matte for a short gain. From a conventional set, he passed to Mackey for eight. Orr, who had been probing the reactions of Ben Davis, now gave Davis a strong inside fake, cut to the sideline and caught Morrall's pass, tiptoeing to stay in bounds. The play gained 19 yards and put Baltimore on the Cleveland 17-yard line.

On five running plays the Colts scored, with Matte carrying four times and Hill once. The damage was done inside and much of it came on a draw which worked wonderfully well all afternoon. It was, really, a variation on a draw, designed to create unexpected blocking angles on unsuspecting Brown defenders. Normally the center will block the middle linebacker on a draw, in this case, the center blocked across on the Browns' left tackle. The Colt right guard trapped the right tackle and the left guard went through to wipe out the middle linebacker. It worked well enough for Hill to slam seven yards to the Cleveland one. Two plays later Matte followed the surge blocking of the right side of the Baltimore line for the touchdown.

If there was a decisive play that extinguished whatever small hope Cleveland still had at this point, it came with two minutes left in the first half. Mackey, grabbing a screen pass, had raced to the Cleveland 14, where he fumbled, and

Erich Barnes returned the fumble to the Cleveland 23. Had the Browns been able to capitalize on this break, they might have regained their waning confidence. Nielsen, hoping to score quickly, tried to find a wide receiver on a pass into a crack in the Baltimore zone. But the Colt defense shut off his targets. The pressure of the Colt front four was reaching him as he gave up on a completion and tried to throw the ball away, over the sideline. He was hit just as he released, and the ball, fluttering like a wing-shot duck, landed in the hands of Baltimore Linebacker Mike Curtis, who accepted it thankfully and stepped out at the Cleveland 33-yard line.

The pressure on this play was typical of that applied all afternoon by the Baltimore rush. In a passing situation, the Baltimore tackles and ends often stunted. That is, the end looped to the inside, the tackle to the outside and, most of the time, 295-pound Bubba Smith, the left end, broke up the Cleveland pocket on the inside, forcing Nielsen outside and making him throw off balance.

Once again Morrall called for the new draw with the blocking change, and on the second play from scrimmage Hill thumped up the middle for nine yards to the Cleveland 12. From three Morrall used Matte on the off-tackle play back to Mackey's end of the line. Flanker Jimmy Orr cracked back on Defensive End Jack Gregory, Jerry Hill got a piece of the linebacker and Matte, who had started inside, cut to the outside off Orr's block and raced untouched into the end zone.

Hill, whose blocking was a big factor in the Colt success, said later, "That second touchdown took their game plan away and forced them to play catch up. It made them play our game."

Indeed, in the second half the Browns went to an atypical long-pass strategy, and it was largely unsuccessful. They spread Warfield and Collins even wider than usual, trying to increase the burden on the Baltimore defensive zones and create gaps between them, but the maneuver actually worked against Cleveland. "It was hard to hear the countdown from so far out," Warfield said. "Instead of getting down in a three-point stance and looking downfield at the man covering me, I had to look down the line at the ball, so I would get off with the snap. That takes maybe half a second away from you and that

Darkness settles over Cleveland, but all is brilliance and light for Earl Morrall, who has waited 13 years to offer forth a hero's smile.

half second means a lot." It might also have accounted for some of the illegal motion penalties that plagued the Cleveland offense.

The only question in the second half was the margin of the Baltimore victory. Collier put Frank Ryan in at quarterback late in the third period and Ryan promptly fumbled the snap, Don Shinnick recovering for Baltimore on the Cleveland 20. From this contretemps, the Browns suffered a field goal, but Ryan was hardly to blame for the final score. By this time Cleveland had relapsed into a state of utter confusion and he was no more befuddled than anyone else.

Matte, who seems to reserve his best efforts for the most important games, was injured midway in the fourth period when someone hit him in the back as he drove for an eight-yard gain. He had a bruised kidney and after the game he talked briefly on television, walked painfully to his locker, sat down on the stool and put his head down. He was pale and in agony and the Baltimore doctor rescued him from further interviews and led him away.

"Will he be able to play against the Jets?" someone asked another Baltimore player as Matte moved carefully through the crowded dressing room.

"With a broken leg, he'd play against the Jets," the player said. "And do a hell of a job."

Lenny Lyles, who had a good afternoon containing Warfield, watched Matte go.

"We hit, we hurt, we won," he said.

"We were hungry," Mackey said. "This was the hungriest team I ever saw."

"Who do you cover on the Jets?" someone asked Lyles, who looked up in surprise.

"The Jets? I haven't the vaguest," he said. "I haven't thought about the Jets. This was the game I thought about. This was the one that got rid of all the frustration. This was it."

Lyles will get George Sauer, which will be no bargain for Sauer. The Colts are no bargain for anyone. After their years of near misses, they may still have some frustration to work out.

CONTINUED



JOE PASSES THE BIG TEST IN A BREEZE

As wind howled across Shea Stadium, Joe Namath came back after a near-disastrous interception to lead his Jets to victory over Oakland and on to the Super Bowl

by EDWIN SHRAKE

Brace yourself, Miami, Joe Namath is headed your way. So what if last Sunday he threw 30 incomplete passes and one nearly disastrous interception. He also threw for three touchdowns as he led the New York Jets to a 27-23 victory over the Oakland Raiders in the swirling wind of Shea Stadium. In doing so he gave the Jets their first AFL championship and he also put an extra filip into the Super Bowl.

That filip is Namath himself. Ever since he signed his celebrated \$400,000 contract four years ago, Namath has been the AFL's leading attraction. Namath grows a mustache, it gets in all the papers. He buys a fur coat, everybody knows it. He sends his llama rug to the cleaners, it's the talk of the neighborhood. But until this year, despite the



notoriety, Namath had been unable to lead his team to a championship. Now that the Jets have finally done it, Namath will have the opportunity to test his arm against the Baltimore Colts. For even the casual fan, that should be a match too interesting to ignore.

Even in the locker room, where the Jets fled to escape the crowds and the cold wind that had bedeviled both teams most of the afternoon, it was Namath who saved the day. Barring the victors from their spoils—oceans of champagne—were newsmen, well-wishers and an old, familiar foe, Milt Woodard, president of the AFL. Struggling against the mob to make his annual congratulatory visit to league champions, Woodard became part of a routine that he seems to get involved in every year.

"Hey Milt," a Jets employee said, "the champagne is in the back room. Help yourself."

"No, no, cut it off, there's a league rule against champagne in the locker room," Woodard said, looking a bit embarrassed. It has become something of a tradition for Woodard to fine the AFL's championship team for violation of the antichampagne ordinance, but he never seems to enjoy it.

"O.K., Weeb," Namath said to the Jets' coach as Woodard approached them. "Where'd you hide the champagne?"

"There's 25 cases in the back," replied Ewbank, grinning.

"Twenty-five ought to be enough," Namath said. "Excuse me, please, let me through." He squeezed past Wood-

ard. "Oh, hell," said Milt. The rest of the Jets followed.

But the way the game began—with Namath completing three of 12 and Lamonica three of 15 and the first quarter lasting 45 minutes—it appeared for a while that no one would ever get around to earning the champagne. Other than the Jets' first touchdown drive, which followed a very short Oakland punt into the howling wind, the quarter was wasted motion for both offensive units. The ball changed sides 10 times in 13 score-board minutes without a fumble or interception. Eventually, however, the Jets emerged with a 10-0 lead.

Namath opened up on the Raiders by throwing to Flanker Don Maynard, who had caught 10 passes for 228 yards against Oakland Rookie Cornerback

continued



Supermoments for Namath and the Jets were two crucial passes to Don Maynard. The first (above) was for 62 yards. On the next play came the game-winning touchdown (right).



George Atkinson earlier this season. Namath's first three passes were all to Maynard. Two were complete and one resulted in an interference penalty against Atkinson. Maynard scored on a 16-yard reception when his sharp break toward the sideline left Atkinson stumbling. A few minutes later Jim Turner, the AFL's top scorer this season, kicked a 33-yard field goal to give the Jets their largest margin of the day.

Just before the quarter ended, Oakland's Daryle Lamonica started the Raiders moving on short passes to his running backs and longer ones to his fine flanker, Fred Biletnikoff, who was working against Cornerback John Sample. Only 48 seconds into the second quarter, Biletnikoff grabbed a pass, ducked away from Sample's tackle and went 29 yards for a touchdown. Next it was the Jets' turn as Turner kicked a field goal from the 36. Then George Blanda, who had seen an earlier field-goal attempt hit the crossbar and bounce back, kicked one from 26 yards out and the Jets led by only 13-10 at the half.

With the wind blowing in tricky gusts and the footing rather unsure on a field that had puddles of mud and water standing at its edges, the Jets were far from being safe. But in the second half they pulled off enough big plays to fill a highlight film. In the third quarter their defensive unit held Oakland for three downs inside the New York six and forced the Raiders to settle for a Blanda field goal that tied the score, 13-13. Moments later Namath took the Jets on an 80-yard drive in which they were successful four times on third down plays. That drive ended—after Oakland blew a cinch interception—with a touchdown pass to Tight End Pete Lammorn.

Lamonica came back with a 57-yard pass to Biletnikoff, setting up another Blanda field goal and bringing the Raiders to within four points early in the fourth quarter. Namath responded by aiming a sideline pass for Maynard, and Atkinson at last had his moment. He intercepted the ball and raced down to the New York five, where Namath had to knock him out of bounds. "The next time I call a sideline pat-

tern, I'll ask Babe Parilli to come in and throw it," Namath said.

Oakland scored in one run by Pete Banaszak and had a 23-20 lead with eight minutes left. But it was here that Namath showed the coolness of a champion, leading the Jets to a touchdown in three plays. First came a down-and-out to George Sauer for 10 yards. Then Maynard and Namath combined on an amazingly perfect play to put the Jets back out in front. Maynard sprinted down the sideline with Atkinson at his heels, and Namath's pass fell into his hands 52 yards downfield, at the Raider six, as both he and Atkinson tumbled into the mud. From there Namath called a play-action pass, looked for Bill Mathis swinging toward the flag, turned and drilled a hard line drive pass to Maynard in the end zone. Within 31 seconds the Jets were in front again, 27-23.

The Raiders had two more chances to win. They moved to the New York 26, spurned a field goal and tried a pass on fourth and 10. Jet Right End Verlon Biggs faked to the inside, leaped around a blocker and hit Lamonica for a loss. With slightly more than two minutes to play, Lamonica found Biletnikoff and Warren Wells for two long completions, and a penalty moved the ball to New York's 24. Lamonica faded back again. Three receivers were covered, so he threw a safety-valve pass to Running Back Charlie Smith. The ball was behind Smith, who himself was behind Lamonica, making it a lateral rather than a forward pass. Jet Linebacker Ralph Baker grabbed the ball and the Jets survived the final two minutes—thus placing Ewbank in the unique position of being the only coach to have won championships in both leagues.

"I pulled the big boner of the game when I threw that lateral," said Lamonica. "I recognized right away that it was a lateral, but Baker got there ahead of me." Smith, a rookie, had become confused. "I didn't think it was a lateral so I didn't bother to chase it," he said.

"It was simply a bad throw to a secondary receiver," Oakland Coach John Rauch said. "He let the ball go a little too soon. On that play the pass should always be a forward pass, not a lateral." It was Rauch who decided to go for a touchdown rather than the field goal that would have put Oakland one point behind with six minutes left in

the game. "I certainly thought about the field goal, but I wanted seven points," he said. "I had doubts about us being able to get back into position for another field goal later on. We made too many mistakes, and the Jets took advantage of them."

Lamonica and Namath each broke the old championship-game record for passes attempted, and Lamonica broke the record for yardage with 401. With the wind in gusts up to 35 miles per hour, the Jets had not intended to throw the ball so often. "But when Joe had success passing on that first series, he stayed with it," said Mathis. The Jets' offensive line gave Namath excellent protection. In the previous game with Oakland this season, Raider Left End Ike Lassiter was in the New York backfield almost as much as Namath. For this game the Jets shifted Right Guard Dave Herman to right tackle, put Randy Rasmussen at right guard and used Bob Talamini, formerly an All-AFL guard at Houston, at left guard. Herman might as well have been wrapped in barbed wire for all the luck Lassiter had in trying to get past him. "Dave doesn't care where he plays," said Jets Offensive Coach Clive Rush. "He sure did a job on Lassiter." Afterward, peeling the colophane from a cigar in the locker room, Herman allowed himself a smile. "I had never played tackle before in my life except a little bit against Oakland out on the Coast," he said. "I looked upon it as a challenge because Ike is big, strong and tough. He beat me to the inside a couple of times early in the game, so I moved in a little and tried to steer him outside when he charged. One time he told me to quit holding him. I said, 'Ike, you know I don't hold people.'"

Sample, a talkative fellow who played for Baltimore's 1959 champions, was benched for a while because of Biletnikoff. "We got him out until he could make up his mind not to let Biletnikoff get open inside on him," said Ewbank. "I did a death on that bench," Sample said. "I was burning. I hit Biletnikoff out of bounds and he complained. I said, 'Kid, you better get used to it because you're gonna get hit all day long.'"

Just then, in the raucous quarters of the Jets, someone poured a bottle of red champagne over Namath's head. "That's all! That's all!" Namath yelled. That is all, at least, until January 12 in Miami. **END**

Oakland's Biletnikoff (15) torments Jets, catching passes even when caught, while Wells (81) causes final fright with long reception.

BITTERSWEET DREGS IN THE CUP

A year of vast change in tennis hit its peak when a U.S. team at long last brought home the Davis Cup, but the victory was soured by rules that still make it impossible for some of the world's best players to compete **by KIM CHAPIN**

A celebration took place in a dressing room beneath the north grandstand of the Memorial Drive tennis courts in Adelaide, Australia last week that should have gladdened the hearts of everyone present but somehow did not. Three bottles of American champagne (Great Western) and an equal part of Australian beer were mixed together in the great

sterling-silver cup that is symbolic of international supremacy in tennis and drunk up by an American team which was only the third to win the Davis Cup for the U.S. since 1949. There was a concerted effort on the part of all to give the occasion an abandoned air. But, like the mixture of beer and champagne, it had a bittersweet taste.

Granted, the long-awaited U.S. victory had been supreme. The Americans had won handily by four matches to one, and U.S. Open champion Arthur Ashe, who had been the team's solid pillar through the five previous meetings that had led to the Challenge Round, had himself said: "Winning the Davis Cup means more to me than winning the Open." But Ashe had also said, "The best players weren't here," and there was the bitter ingredient that soured the cup. The triumph of the American amateurs, which climaxed the most revolutionary year in the history of modern tennis (the year of the Opens), was shadowed by the realization that somewhere and by someone better tennis was being played under auspices less rigorously amateur.

Competition among professionals was not a matter for serious consideration in 1960 when the cup was presented by Dwight Davis, then a young Harvard undergraduate who later became Secretary of War under Coolidge. Tennis was a game for the affluent played at private clubs and obviously amateur through and through. All that had changed drastically by last week when the 57th Challenge Round got under way the day after Christmas, though the trapings and some of the surrounding attitudes had not. After the seven ball boys and 13 linesmen and umpires—all dressed in gray, including their canvas hats—had marched in formation to their positions, and after various officials, ambassadors, excellencies and ladies had been seated, Harry Hopman took his place at courtside as captain of the Australian team, just as he had 20 times before.

After Hopman's entrance U.S. Cup Captain Donald Dell—Hopman's opposite number in almost every way—took his place. Half Harry's age, Dell is a Washington, D.C. attorney who took leave from his law firm to head the Davis Cup effort. He is active in politics (he worked for Sargent Shriver and campaigned for Bobby Kennedy), ambitious for himself, dogmatic to the point of rudeness, absolutely loyal to any goal



Brilliant but erratic, Clark Gribben did poorly in the early cup rounds and was nearly fired

he seeks and utterly incapable of sitting still for five minutes.

For the first match Dell had chosen Clark Graebner to go against Australia's Bill Bowrey, and the choice said much about both Americans.

Graebner is a power player but an often erratic one. His service is his strong point but he strokes it so awkwardly that he more often than not follows through the wrong way. One wonders how he can remain standing. During 1968 he had played brilliantly at Wimbledon and Forest Hills. He reached the semifinals in each tournament, but in the preceding two Davis Cup meetings, against Spain and India, he had suffered losses to Manuel Santana and Ramanathan Krishnan and looked bad in both. Then, the day after the India matches were over, he re injured a chronic bad back and was unable to lift a racket for nearly three weeks. He reverted to a petulant attitude that had been characteristic of him during too much of his early career. When the team selections were made on Dec. 15 following a tournament in Brisbane in which he had lost in the first round to an unknown Italian, Graebner was replaced by Charlie Pasarell and told bluntly by Dell, "You're a quitter, you're off the team and as far as I'm concerned you can go home."

Dell at that point was prepared to play either Pasarell or Stan Smith in the second singles position behind Ashe, but under a new cup rule he could make a substitution on his four-man team within the first five days after the team was named. In that period, Graebner played six practice matches—three against Pasarell, two against Smith and one against Ashe—and lost only one set. On the 21st he was reinstated, and finally, on Christmas Day, the day of the cup draw, Dell told him he would play.

The reinstated Graebner strove evenly against Bowrey for the first four sets of their match, each of them taking two. Then, in the first game of the fifth set, Graebner suddenly found himself behind on his service 15-40. He battled back to deuce, and four points later, held. That was the turning point, and it was as close as Bowrey came to winning. Graebner broke Bowrey's service immediately and ran out the set and match 8-10, 6-4, 8-6, 3-6, 6-1. The tennis was not scintillating, but for Graebner it was a triumph. Dell said afterward: "That

wasn't Clark's best tennis by far, but I think it was the best match he ever played. He didn't get temperamental and he didn't quit, and I'm proud of him for that."

The second singles match put Ashe against Ray Ruffels, an erratic left-hander whose shotmaking was perhaps the most classic but not the most effective of those playing in the Challenge Round. By now the weather, which had been unseasonably cool at the start of the day, was cold and windy, and Ashe, who had been bothered by tennis elbow for more than a month, was not helped by the chill. Like Bowrey against Graebner, Ruffels got the jump on his American opponent, winning the first set and breaking early in the second, but Ashe never allowed him to keep the advantage, and once he pulled even the match was quickly over, 6-8, 7-5, 6-3, 6-3.

And so, at the end of the first day, Australia was behind 2-0. Only one team in Davis Cup history had come back from that deficit to win a Challenge Round—the 1939 Australian team of John Bromwich and Adrian Quist that defeated America's Bobby Riggs, Frank Parker and 18-year-old Jack Kramer. The doubles team chosen by Dell was Stan Smith, 22, and Bob Lutz, 21, who have won just about every title available to them.

For Australia, Hopman chose Ruffels and John Alexander, the powerful Sydney-sider who had been mentioned prominently as a possible singles choice. At 17, Alexander was the youngest player ever to participate in a Challenge Round, breaking by a few months the record set by Kramer. Ruffels and Alexander had never played together before, and their lack of teamwork was telling. Smith and Lutz lost only 13 points during their 14 service games, and only once did the Australians have a break point against them in the 6-4, 6-4, 6-2 triumph.

The Davis Cup had been won and would be returning home after an absence of five years. The triumph was welcome but hollow as well. The crowds were disappointing and the enthusiasm of those who did come was something less than unrestrained. The only excitement shown by the Aussies occurred on the final day when, after Graebner had gutted out his second victory (over Ruffels), Bowrey came back to defeat Ashe in four sets and avert a humiliating shut-out by the U.S.



Arthur Ashe won easily over Ray Ruffels

After the final match the two teams returned to the center court for the formal presentation of the cup to Dell by the governor of the State of South Australia, Sir James Harrison, while the flags of the 50 Davis Cup nations fluttered valiantly in the fading sunlight. And that, in another year, might have been the end of it till next time.

But 1968 was a different year, and what was perhaps the most significant meeting of this Davis Cup took place not on the courts but in private. The top officials of the world's four major tennis nations closeted themselves for two days and drafted a statement which, if implemented by their associations back home, could restore the vigor to cup competition that was sadly lacking last week. In essence, the statement urged all of tennis to forget the absurd and artificial distinctions among amateurs, professionals and so-called "registered" competitors and to group them all under one simple and honest classification—players.

Under such a rule Arthur Ashe, who is indisputably America's best player, could be both joined and opposed by others of equal stature. Then Davis Cup competition could once again be the best in fact as well as name. **END**



Deeply disturbed, Allen hides tears behind dark glasses at press conference attended by Ram players Jones, Cowen, Lundy, Olson, Snow and Gebriel.

A MARRIAGE THAT WAS DOOMED

Owner Dan Reeves of the Los Angeles Rams startled the sports world by firing a winner, Coach George Allen, but a probe of the wreckage reveals they probably were headed for a breakup from the start **by JACK TOBIN and GILBERT ROGIN**

About 8 a.m. on the day after Christmas, the phone rang in George Allen's home in Palos Verdes Estates, Calif. When Allen, who at the time was the head coach of the Los Angeles Rams, picked it up, he recognized the voice of Dan Reeves, the majority owner, president and general manager of the team.

"I said something like 'Merry Christmas,'" Allen related later. "I'm not sure what he said at first, but then he said something like 'This is the end. You're fired. The two of us couldn't get along.' He rambled on and on. He appeared to be drinking." Moments later Reeves telephoned Eddie Meador, the free safety and defensive co-captain of the Rams. "Dan Reeves told me that there was a personality conflict," Meador recalled. "I told Dan he'd better catch a plane for Cuba because he was going to be the most unpopular man in town."

In his three years with the Rams, George Allen had become one of the most popular men in town. Before Reeves hired him away from the Chicago Bears, where he had been an out-

standing defensive coach, the Rams had stumbled through seven straight losing seasons, their attendance was down and the team was dispirited. Allen succeeded Harland Svare, who had a 4-10 record in 1965 and whom Reeves, with his great sense of timing, had canned two days before Christmas. In 1966 the Rams were 8 and 6. The following season they were 11-1-2. This year, despite injuries and illness, the Rams had a 10-3-1 record.

Why then, in the name of Amos Alonzo Stagg, did Reeves fire Allen? First of all, Reeves, like Ben Kerner of the old St. Louis Hawks, seems to be one of those owners who fill an inner need by firing coaches. Since Reeves brought the Rams to Los Angeles in 1946, the club has had nine: Adam Walsh, Bob Snyder, Clark Shaughnessy, Joe Stydahar, Hampton Pool, Sid Gillman and Bob Waterfield preceding Svare and Allen. Reeves indiscriminately fired winners, losers and those who batted 500.

Secondly, as Mel Durslag of the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* succinctly puts it, "Allen is not Reeves's kind of cat."

Daniel Farrell Reeves, 56, a small, neat, pink-faced man whose money came from the sale of his father's grocery chain to Safeway Stores, was born in a mansion on Fifth Avenue. His boyhood friends were Robert Wagner, now ambassador to Spain, and George M. Cohan Jr. When the Reeves chauffeur didn't drive the boys to play ball, the Cohan chauffeur did. Later in life Reeves became unduly sensitive about his inherited wealth. He drove a Ford for years before permitting himself a Buick. When Reeves was recently asked why he purchased the Rams, he replied, "But isn't it the dream of every American male to own a football team?" Reeves enjoys the realization of this dream in places that don't close till very early in the morning, where he talks football with cronies.

George Herbert Allen was born 46 years ago in Detroit, where his father was an auto worker. His first head coaching job, for which he was paid \$3,900 a year, was at Morningside College in Iowa where, since he couldn't afford a car, he rode a bicycle. Allen has been known

to sip blackberry brandy, but he prefers ice cream. His nights are spent in a projection room running game films back and forth. His wife Eity buys all his clothes, including his shoes, and when he needs a haircut, Eity makes an appointment for him at the airport barber shop so he can get a fast trim while waiting to board a plane. "George Allen," says a friend, "doesn't even know what town he's in half the time. The guy's walking around with all those Xs and Os in his head." Or, as Sid Gillman once said about coaches, "We're all nuts."

According to John Hall of the *Los Angeles Times*, Reeves is something else: he believes that football should have a sort of Frank Merriwell integrity and that even when a is played for money, it should be fun and games. "There have been many times when Allen's grimly all-out, no smiles, 24-hours-a-day death march approach to football has distressed Reeves," Hall has written. As Reeves once said, "George Allen takes all the pleasure out of owning a club." When the Dallas Cowboys accused the Rams of spying on one of their practice sessions, Reeves was deeply upset—not because of the accusation, but because the Rams really had been spying.

Although the alliance between such disparate figures was, like a bad marriage, probably doomed from the start, its dissolution can be dated to Sept. 25, 1966, when the Packers beat the Rams 24-13, dumping Roman Gabriel eight times, a defeat that seemed to affect Reeves out of all proportion. He subsequently learned he had Hodgkin's disease and spent most of this past season in a New York clinic. As a result, Reeves and Allen, who had talked only a dozen times in the first two years of Allen's tenure, scarcely met at all this year. Since Reeves's condition left the Rams leaderless, Allen felt obliged to step more and more into the front office, which is staffed to some extent with Reeves's cronies. In fairness to Reeves, Allen may have been a bit high-handed in the front office, but then, in effect, he was trying to run things there with his left hand while coaching with his right. Shortly after Allen became head coach of the Rams he reportedly told Reeves he wanted to be general manager, too. The astonished Reeves turned him down. Now Reeves felt that Allen was taking advantage of the fact that Reeves was some-

what incapacitated, and was moving in.

The incident which led directly to Allen's firing occurred on Nov. 17, after the Rams' 20-20 tie with the 49ers in San Francisco, when Allen described the Kezar Stadium playing field as "a disgrace to the league. The end zones are like quicksand—and the way they're painted, they ought to sell them to the hippies." Although it is not uncommon for coaches to knock gridirons, Reeves's curious sense of chivalry was affronted. He called Mal Florence of the *Times* and told him, "We don't alim. It's not in the Ram tradition."

The following week, after the Rams' 24-21 win over the Giants, Reeves greeted Allen in the dressing room. "Well, George, how did you like the field today?" he asked, holding out his hand. Allen refused to shake it and stalked off. Reeves told him to come back. "Dan, you had no right to criticize me in the paper," Allen said. "You embarrassed me and my family. Here I am working 16 to 18 hours a day, trying to build our team into a winner, and you make a fool out of me." With that Allen turned away again. "George, you come back here," Reeves said, but Allen didn't.

This episode wasn't made public until the *Hollywood Citizen-News* printed a version three weeks later. Last week Durslag reported it in full. "Here was a juicy scandal. It is, however, a point of ethics in this business that one doesn't take advantage of owners, coaches or players who have been drinking, no more than a gentleman takes ad-

vantage of a lady who has passed out."

The day after he was fired Allen held an emotional press conference in the Sheraton-West Hotel, the same hotel where three years before he had been greeted by Reeves, who hailed him as the Rams' savior. Allen was drawn from lack of sleep and red-eyed from crying.

"I want to read this," he said, taking a sheet of paper from the pocket of his brown suede jacket. "It's written in red. Every man is said to have his prejudice and ambitions. Whether it is true or not, I have no other greater than to receive the approval of my players. I hope I have been worthy of their esteem and confidence. If there is such a thing as love between a coach and his players, that exists between me and my players. I truly hate to leave the Rams."

His players' feeling for Allen was manifested when six starters—Deacon Jones, Roman Gabriel, Charlie Cowan, Lamar Lundy, Jack Pardee and Meador—vowed at the press conference that they would quit or retire if Allen wasn't rehired. It was Lundy who best summed up the players' position. "Our whole point," he said, "is that Dan Reeves has the right to make this decision, but why couldn't it all have been resolved by sitting down with George Allen?"

Indeed, Allen said he had asked Reeves if they could meet to talk things over, and that he would "bear his pride" and return to the Rams if Reeves would rehire him, but Reeves said his decision was final, although he was willing to meet with a players' delegation. At week's end a citizens' committee was formed for the purpose of getting Allen reinstated, but this seems to have as much likelihood of success as the scheme of a fan who picketed the Sheraton-West. "Send Dan Reeves to the moon," read the sign on his son's stroller.

The Buffalo Bills, Pittsburgh Steelers and Washington Redskins have reportedly inquired about signing Allen, but he affects disinterest. As he said at his extraordinary press conference, "My only concern are these guys, the Los Angeles Rams, and three years of blood, sweat and tears." The tears, at least, were literal, and when he finished speaking, he put on a pair of sunglasses to conceal them.

"George Allen is a great coach and a fine family man," was all that Reeves had to say. "It is probably more my fault than his." **END**



Reeves vs. he fired George Allen in 1966.

With or without Lew Alcindor, UCLA's gentle Johnny Wooden is a great coach. Which doesn't mean that everyone loves him **by JOE JARES**

THE TWO FACES OF THE RUBBER MAN

He had a way of taking off near the foul line and sailing up to the basket "as smooth and pretty as a bird." Or he would drive in for a layup with such determination that his momentum would carry him into the fifth row of the school band at the end of the court. He bounced off the floor so often that people called him the India Rubber Man.

That was John Wooden 35 or 40 years ago. Today he is known mainly as the coach of UCLA—the lucky man who won the Lew Alcindor recruiting sweepstakes and thus practically sewed up three straight NCAA championships for the Bruins. And that in a way is a shame. So obscured is he by the telephone-pole shadow cast by his center that only the few fanatics who keep the *Encyclopedia of Basketball* out on their coffee tables seem to know there is a niche—maybe even a whole room—reserved for John Wooden in the sport's Hall of Fame.

Wooden was an outstanding professional player for six years. Before that he was a consensus All-America guard at Purdue for three straight seasons. And before that he starred on one of the finest high school teams ever to play in Indiana. As a coach, he has had only one losing season, his first. His UCLA teams won two national titles before Alcindor, and they are likely to win some more after he leaves.

Away from games, the former India Rubber Man is a soft-spoken gentleman with a trace of homespun Hoosier in his voice, a human *Poor Richard's Almanack* who has inspirational sayings filed in a loose-leaf notebook, taped to his pencil box, framed on his walls, tucked away in his wallet. "Make each day your masterpiece." "Build a shelter for a rainy day." "It's better to go too far with a boy than not far enough."

Somewhere between "Be true to your-

self" and "It's the little things that count," a visitor begins to think it is all just a giant put-on. Nobody could be that square. But Wooden is real all right, sitting there in his office overlooking UCLA's new basketball palace, Pauley Pavilion. He can thumb quickly through a notebook and find his drill-by-drill plan for a practice 17 years ago or he can flip through another one and find a short essay on how the world today maybe could use a few more squares. His *Pyramid of Success* chart ("industriousness," "loyalty," "self-control" are some of its building blocks) hangs on the wall near his desk, he once talked about it on his local TV show and was buried under 7,000 requests for copies.

When Wooden gets off a small job or receives a compliment, he does not flash a white-neon smile, he ducks his head and grins sheepishly. It is easy to imagine him as a deacon of his church or a kindly grandfather, both of which he is. Not so easy to imagine, but real nevertheless, is the intensely competitive John Wooden of the Bruin bench whose angry, sometimes scathing comments can melt a referee's whistle in mid-sweat. He sits there wicking a rolled-up program and, like most members of his ulcerated profession, suffers while an entire year's work, or maybe more, is compressed into an hour-and-a-half game.

"I've seen him so mad that I've been afraid he'd pop that big blood vessel in his forehead," says a Pacific Coast official, "but I've never heard him curse."

"Dadburn it, you saw him double dribble down there!" hollers Wooden, now about as soft-spoken as an electric guitar. "Goodness gracious sakes alive! Everybody in the place saw that."

Eddie Powell, a former assistant who moved with him from Indiana State to UCLA in 1948, learned some psycho-

logical tricks from the past master.

"Usually sometime during the first half he would choose one incident, a close call, and jump all over the referee," said Powell. "Just chew him out in a gentlemanly manner, if there is such a thing. But let him know that there was that side of Wooden. During the half he'd seek out the referee and apologize to him. He'd say, 'I know I should have known it was a close call. I was wrong. It's just a job and you're doing the best you can.'"

"And then they'd part, with Wooden walking away meek as you please. In the second half, if another close call arose, chances are the referee'd call the play in Wooden's favor."

To make his full-court press as effective as possible, Wooden wants referees to be acutely aware of the rule that gives a team only 10 seconds to get the ball across the mid-court line. Sometimes he carries a stopwatch to the bench. He will not say a word about it and probably will not check it, but he will make certain that the officials notice it.

Wooden insists he knows what he is doing when he yells about calls. Often it is to show his players he is fighting for them. Of course, much depends on the personality of each official.

"I would think that any referee who does not command the respect of John Wooden can expect to be tested," said Al Lightner, until his retirement one of the toughest West Coast officials. "Personally, I never had any trouble at all with Wooden. I understand some referees have had trouble."

Lightner understands correctly, but Wooden feels his reputation as a ref-baiter is "definitely undeserved."

"No official, no player has ever heard me use a word of profanity," he says. "I don't stand up and do anything to excite the crowd. That's one of the worst things coaches can do. You've never seen me throw a chair or a towel, or jump up and go down the floor yelling."

"I don't say, 'You're a homer!' I'll say, 'Don't be a homer! I'll say, 'See 'em the same at both ends!' I'll say, 'Watch the traveling,' or some such, but no profanity and not personal."

"The thing I may be ashamed of more than anything else is having talked to opposing players. Not calling them names, but saying something like 'Keep your hands off of him' or 'Don't be a butcher' or something of that type."



Walt Hazzard, the high scorer and imaginative passer who sparked Wooden's first NCAA title team in 1963-64, is a great admirer of Wooden's needling. "He is one of the best bench jockeys in the world. He has an 'antiseptic needle'—clean but biting. I've seen opposing players left shaking their heads, but there was nothing they could say."

Wooden is not exactly the most popular figure within the coaching fraternity. What man with his winning record would be? asks Ted Owens of Kansas. "I know that after finishing second in the Big Eight last season I was a lot more popular than I was the previous two years when I won the title. But Wooden is highly respected by his fellow coaches."

At the coaches' national convention Wooden is not the hotel lobby raconteur regaling a circle of admirers with funny stories. He does not socialize much because he does not drink and he is shy. Says a West Coast rival: "He's the sort of guy who goes to the conventions with his wife and they sit in the lobby and watch you come rolling in."

When he says he does not much believe in scouting opponents, some other coaches feel he is trying to show them up. And they observe his gentlemanly manner and hear his fund of homilies, then react angrily when their players get zapped by his needle. A few believe he is a sanctimonious hypocrite and privately call him "Saint John."

There are those among his ex-players who think sainthood or knighthood would be perfectly suitable. Eddie Sheldrake, a fine little backcourt man on Wooden's first teams at Westwood, had a wife and children while he was still in school. Shortly after graduation, his father died. Not long after that his wife became critically ill with cancer and finally died. Wooden and his wife, Nell, stayed at Sheldrake's side and helped raise \$4,000 to pay the medical bills.

"He was as good as a dad could be," said Sheldrake, who had to fight back tears as he told the story.

"The finest man I've ever met," says another ex-player, Ron Pearson.

"The true man comes out on the bench," says a Midwest coach. "He's a vicious —."

"No regrets if you can answer to yourself," Wooden likes to say.

Continued

John Robert Wooden grew up on a farm eight miles from Martinsville. And his father, Joshua, who never had much money or good fortune, was a pretty good pitcher and built a diamond among the wheat, corn and alfalfa. To this day baseball, not basketball, is Wooden's favorite sport. But there also was a hoop nailed up in the hayloft, and he and his older brother, Maurice, played there with any kind of ball they could find.

John attended the four-room Center-ton grade school, where he was the star athlete. Center-ton's principal, Earl Warriner, was one of the important influences on his life. Once, when John was being recalcitrant, Warriner, who also coached basketball, allowed his high scorer to sit out an entire losing game. "After it was over," said Wooden, "he put an arm on my shoulder and said 'Johnny, we could have won with you in there, but winning just isn't that important.'"

Warriner is now 73, retired and living on a farm in Indiana. UCLA was to play in a doubleheader at Chicago Stadium a few years ago, and he wrote John for tickets, sending along a blank check. Back with the tickets came the check and in the space for the amount was written, "Friendship far too valuable to be measured in dollars."

Wooden's dad lost the farm because of some bad investments and the Woodens moved into Martinsville in 1924, at about the same time the red brick high school gym was built on South Main St. The population of the town was 5,200 and the gym held, as noted at the time in *Ripley's Believe It or Not*, 5,520. John Bob soon made the transition from hayseed to sharp dude. Central Indiana version. Hanging around with his buddies at Wick's Candy Kitchen, he wore his letterman's sweater and a green hat Maurice had brought home from Franklin College. He usually had a toothpick in his mouth.

John Bob always worked hard—digging sewers one summer—and he was a good student, but, as longtime friend Floyd Burns remembered, "He always had time for basketball, baseball and Nellie Riley." Nell played the trumpet in the school band and John, as a sophomore starter in 1926, got in the habit of working at her before each game. He's still doing it more than 40 years later.

It was not easy making the Martins-

ville High team, which had won a state title not long before Wooden arrived. The team, in fact, went all the way to the state finals before losing to Marion 30-23 in his sophomore year. Wooden did not score, but he was the second leading scorer in the 16-team finals the next year. Playing on the final day, Martinsville won the championship by beating Muncie 26-23, and Wooden hit 10 points. In 1928 the same two teams reached the finals again, and Martinsville led 12-11 with 30 seconds to go before it was defeated by the most amazing shot Wooden has ever seen.

"On a center jump their center tipped the ball back to himself," he said. "In those days it was legal. He pivoted and let loose an underhand scoop shot that had the highest arch I have ever seen. The ball seemed to disappear in the rafters. It came straight down through the hoop, not even swishing the net."

Wooden made the All-State team for the third straight year. Sex boys from that 1928 team went to six different colleges and were starters as sophomores. Little has changed in Martinsville since those days. Farmers come to town in summer and sell tomatoes, corn and peaches from their ancient pickup trucks parked around the square. The Town House Cafeteria has pictures on the walls of Wooden and the famous Artesian basketball teams. For a long time a crew cut in Martinsville was known as a "Johnny Wooden."

"About three or four years ago," said Town House proprietor Bill Poe, "he gave the commencement address at the high school, and before he talked, he walked in here to eat. It was early and he asked me how Aunt Edna Hyak was—she was a friend of John's mother."

"I said she had just come back from the hospital that day. He said, 'I think I'll drop by and say hello.' So instead of going down to the Elks Club to renew old acquaintances, John went by and talked to an old lady who was a friend of his mother's. Then he went to the gym and gave his talk. John Wooden is a yard wide."

Kansas and most of the Big Ten schools invaded Martinsville to try to recruit Wooden, but Purdue got him because of its engineering school and its fine coach, Ward (Pugsy) Lambert, an early advocate of the fast break. Wooden soon switched to a liberal arts major.

He not only made All-American three times, he led the Boilermakers to two conference championships and won the Big Ten medal for excellence in scholarship and athletics. A "floor guard," as opposed to the "back guard" who rarely got to shoot, he played at 5'10½" and 183 pounds and was so slashing and during that sometimes school officials stationed two men behind the basket to catch him after his wild drives. In a game against Indiana he was knocked to the floor near the free-throw line. Before he could get up, a rebound came to him and, still sitting down, he made the shot that won the game.

"He had a way of stalling the game by fantastic dribbling," said teammate Dutch Fighting, now intramural director at Stanford. "He would dribble from backcourt to forecourt, all around, and nobody could get that hall away."

Sportscaster Tom Harmon, who won the Heisman Trophy as a Michigan halfback, was a schoolboy in Gary, Ind., in the early 1930s, and used to go down to Lafayette to watch Purdue. "Wooden to the kids of my era was what Bill Russell, Wilt Chamberlain or Lew Alcindor is today," he said. "He was king, the idol of any kid who had a basketball. In Indiana that was every kid."

It all sounds glorious, yet college was no lark for Wooden. To pay for his meals he waited on tables at his fraternity house. He produced the Purdue basketball programs and split the proceeds with the high school boys who sold them for him (he kept the advertising income). On the annual train ride to Chicago for the Purdue-Chicago football game at Soldier Field he raced up and down the aisles, selling sandwiches. He called it "my annual walk to Chicago."

Wooden played some semipro and pro ball right after being graduated in the depths of the Depression and managed to save \$909 and a nickel—he remembers the exact figure. Two days before he was to marry Nellie Riley, the bank where he had his savings failed to open (the directors later went to prison). He had to scurry around and borrow \$200 to pay for the wedding and a one-day honeymoon in romantic downtown Indianapolis. Buying a car was impossible, so some relatives drove them to Dayton, Ky., where Wooden's first coaching job was waiting.

While coaching at high schools in Day-

ton and South Bend, Ind. he continued his part-time pro career, most of the time earning \$50 a game playing floor guard for Kautsky of Indianapolis. Once he made 138 consecutive free throws in competition. Those were the disorganized pre-NBA days, with games in places like Kokomo, Oshkosh and Sheboygan when anything could and did happen, such as the time in Detroit when the Kautskys had a 10- or 12-point lead with two minutes to go. They played at least three or four minutes more, but the timer insisted there were still two minutes left.

"We finally got the idea," said Wooden, "so we went back to the center jump and each time they'd throw the ball up we'd stand there and not move. They would take the tipoff and go down and score and bring it back to the center jump. When they made the basket that put 'em ahead, why the game was over."

The center jump after each basket finally went out before his last pro season in 1938 and Wooden, described by a fellow pro as "fast as the wind, quicker than a cat and the best ball handler and dribbler I have ever seen," enjoyed his highest-scoring season. But an old leg injury forced him to quit.

Wooden's 11 years as a high school coach, nine at South Bend Central, were very successful (218 wins, 42 losses), especially since he also had to coach baseball and tennis, teach English and serve as comptroller and athletic director. Then, as now, his practices were organized down to the last dribble and he was a fanatic on fitness. ("They may beat me on ability," he had said at Purdue, "but they'll never beat me on condition.") World War II ended Wooden's high school coaching career.

He was a Navy officer, helping to get pilots in shape for combat flying. When he got out in 1946 there was no house to go back to. Wooden had been unable to keep the payments up and lost it. He immediately got all his jobs back at South Bend Central, but some of his friends were not so fairly treated and he became disenchanted with the school system. When the job at Indiana State Teachers College in Terre Haute opened, he took it, bringing along a load of former Central High players just getting out of the service themselves. With 14 freshmen and one sophomore that first year, Indiana State had an 18-7 record.

The same cast improved that to 29-7 the next year.

As long as he had taken the reluctant step from high school to college coaching, Wooden figured he might as well go to a major university; both Minnesota and UCLA were after him. Minnesota offered more money, but the Gopher officials were delayed somewhere by a snowstorm on decision day and did not call when they said they would. Wooden accepted the UCLA job and an hour later Minnesota got him on the phone—too late.

Wooden was not a big hit at Southern California cocktail parties. Most of the time he stood ill at ease in a corner holding a glass of something like sarsaparilla while Assistant Eddie Powell rounded up people to come meet him. It was not that Wooden lacked confidence. On a spring evening in 1948 he told a UCLA banquet: "The first break is my system and we'll win 50% of our games by outrunning the other team in the last five minutes."

It was no exaggeration. Most West Coast teams played slowly and deliberately and several times against league opponents, Powell swears, UCLA actually had *five-on-zero* fast breaks.

"Wooden's success is based on upsetting the tempo and style of his opponent," says a rival coach. "He does it by running, running and running some more. He mixes that up by hawking, by grabbing, by slapping and by hand-waving defense. His clubs dote on harassing the man with the ball."

Foes hated to visit the old UCLA gymnasium, a small place that steamed when packed with people, and was known, not without reason, as the B.O. Barn. Wooden insisted that if he was turning up the heat, as some people claimed, he was doing more damage to his running clubs. "I wanted a better place to play," he says, "but it didn't displease me that the other teams dreaded to come in there."

Despite numerous division and league championships, UCLA really was not a national power during Wooden's first 13 years there. He had a fine center, Willie Naulls, in the mid-'50s, but that era was dominated by the University of San Francisco and Bill Russell. Then Cal, coached by Pete Newell, came up to frustrate the Bruins. Newell's teams beat

Wooden's the last eight times they met.

The thrust into the national spotlight came in the early '60s with the arrival of some gifted athletes, notably Hazzard and Gail Goodrich, and the introduction of the full-court zone press, known as the "Glue Factory," the first major change in college basketball in a number of years.

The Glue Factory opened for business in the 1963-64 season, and the Bruins had just the right manpower—five fast, cocky players: Hazzard, Goodrich, Fred Slaughter, Jack Hiesch and Keith Erickson. Not one of them was taller than 6' 5", but they full-court pressed and fast broke their way to a 30-0 season and the NCAA championship.

Although Hazzard was gone, UCLA ran to a second straight title in 1965 and, after a lull in 1966 when the wondrous Alcinder was a freshman, won two more, climaxed last season by a victory over Houston in the semifinals that was one of the finest demonstrations of speed, power and finesse in the history of college basketball. That is four national championships in five years, and this season Wooden's team has Alcinder back for one more fling, plus plenty of other talented players. Wooden's only problem seems to be keeping up the morale of the stars sitting on the bench.

Although Wooden will not say anything about it except to close friends, the impression one gets after spending some time with him is that he has not particularly enjoyed the Alcinder years, that he can hardly wait to get back to the racehorse basketball he loves to coach. There is also the feeling that were it not for the fact that his children and grandchildren live in California, he would like to be a Hoosier again. He goes better with sycamores than palm trees.

Not long ago his old friends from Indiana, Floyd Burns and his wife, were passing through L.A. and gave Wooden a surprise call. After dinner and a campus tour, he showed them UCLA's new arena, silent and empty except for Wooden, Nell and the other couple. They all sat down in the plush theater seats and gazed at the gleaming floor and the four NCAA championship banners hanging far above.

"John," said Burns, "it sure is a long way from Martinsville to all this."

"Yes, Floyd, it is," said the India Rubber Man. END

AFLOAT IN THE OFF SEASON

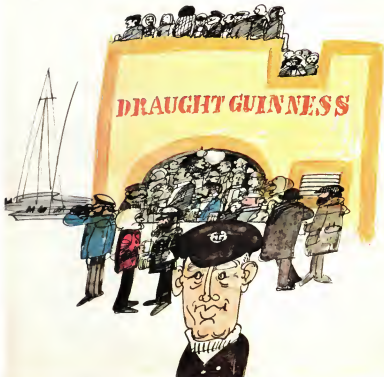


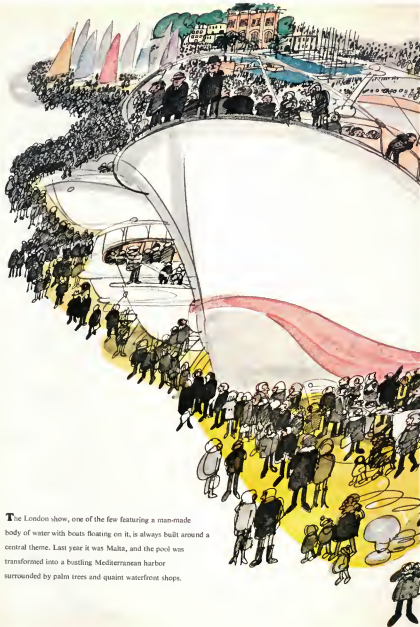
"Winter for boating people is just that dull, bad time between seasons," said a landsick Londoner, echoing the thoughts of kindred beached souls throughout the northern hemisphere. "A boat show fills the gap nicely." Of all the boat shows that will beckon to yachtsmen in Europe and the U.S. during the next few weeks, none—as the drawings on this and the following pages prove—will fill the gap better than the one at Earls Court. Since its beginning with only 91 boats in 1954, the London show has become a whole maritime world, covering 11 acres of display space and enough variety to set a man planning cruises to last for the next 10 years.



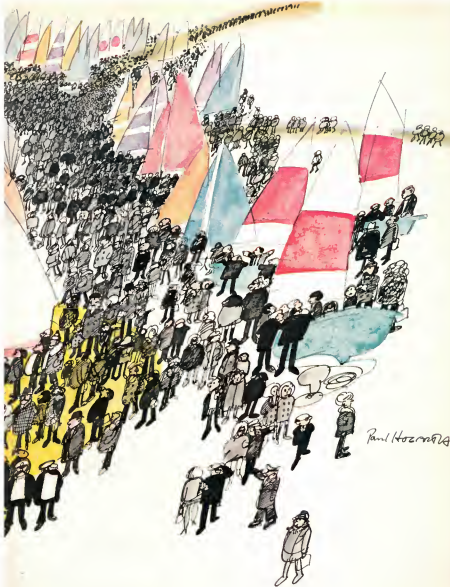
Involvement is the keynote at every Earls Court show. The energetic visitor may try his hand at fly casting in the company of experts, sail a dinghy on a turntable, go water-skiing, be fitted for a suit of thermal underwear or, exhausted, refresh himself with a glass of stout.

DRAWINGS BY PAUL HOGARTH





The London show, one of the few featuring a man-made body of water with bouts floating on it, is always built around a central theme. Last year it was Malta, and the pool was transformed into a bustling Mediterranean harbor surrounded by palm trees and quaint waterfront shops.





Never, in all likelihood, will so many be saved from so little so often as when the R.A.F. gives nightly and daily demonstrations of its rescue techniques via helicopter and bosun's chair.



Kids will get the chance to dream some 30-knot dreams of their own as they crowd into one or another of the 750 boats designed to snare the checkbooks of unwary parents like those above.





And, of course, there are always special bouts to be oh'd and ah'd at: Sir Francis Chichester's *Gipsy Moth IV* or the *Spirit of Cutty Sark*, veteran of 1968's singlehanded transatlantic race.



One of England's foremost bridge players and most prolific writers on the subject, the author first introduced the characters in this article in a delightful book, "Bridge in the Menagerie." Their counterparts can be seen at most card tables

PAPA THE GREEK VS. THE HIDEOUS HOG

by VICTOR MOLLO



Of course this is libelous, which is why the dramatic personae are introduced by their nicknames. No bridge master will sue me if I touch up his clever coups or forget discreetly his regrettable lapses. But as I warned Charles Goren when he invited me to contribute this article, it isn't the stars that I want to write about but the close friends with whom I play bridge daily, and what can one say about one's friends that is true yet not libelous?

Take, for instance, H.H., known affectionately at my club as the Hideous Hog. You have met him often, of course. He plays for pleasure—strictly his own. He is polite to partner—while partner is dummy. And if he seems so keen to play every hand it is only because he is a perfectionist and likes to see the job well done. It's all part of the team spirit and in partner's best interests, especially if the stakes are high.

Above right is a typical Hog hand. It occurred during a rubber in which H.H. opposed his bitter rival, Papa the Greek. So subtle that he can falsecard with a singleton, so intuitive that he knows what opponents will do before they have finished sorting their cards, Papa would be a great player if only he were not so clever.

West opened the diamond 10 and, as dummy went down, Papa looked disdainfully at the Hog. The curve of his lips seemed to say: "So you thought up a clever five-club bid, on the way, to stop a club lead? Well, it wouldn't have helped you had it been my lead."

Winning the first trick with the jack of diamonds in dummy, the Hog led the 5 of spades. Before the card left the Hog's fingers, Papa had formed a vivid picture of declarer's hand. He could not have a singleton club, or a four-card suit, for, were either the case, there would have been no point in trying to stop a club lead. Therefore he had either two clubs or three. The play to the first trick, to which H.H. followed with the 5 of diamonds, indicated that his diamonds were almost certainly K-Q-5, and since his high-card strength was strictly limited, he probably had five hearts at least, maybe six.

What, then, were the prospects for the defense? It was clear to Papa that to beat the slam he had to score his

NORTH		EAST	
♠	K Q 6 5	♠	A 7 4
♥	J 8 7 5	♥	6 4
♦	A J 2	♦	7 6 3
♣	A Q	♣	K 10 7 6 4

WEST	NORTH	EAST (Papa)	SOUTH (H.H.)
PASS	1♠	PASS	1♥
PASS	4♥	PASS	2♠
PASS	2♠	PASS	3♥
PASS	6♥	(All Pass)	

Opening lead: 10 of diamonds

king of clubs as well as the ace of spades.

Placing declarer with five black cards, the Greek played the 4 of spades on the second trick. When the Hog produced the jack and West the trey, Papa gave himself a friendly nudge. As usual, he had done the right thing. Had he gone up with the ace of spades he would have set up two spades in dummy, allowing the Hog to dispose of his losing club—or two losing clubs.

At trick three declarer crossed to dummy with the jack of hearts and continued with the 6 of spades. Papa looked up suspiciously. Why hadn't H.H. drawn trumps? And why was he so obsessed with spades? Without doubt, there was some hanky-panky afoot, but what was it? Meanwhile the same problem confronted him a second time. Should he go up with the ace of spades or play low? Papa reasoned that if the Hog's spades were jack-10-x, the ace of spades would not run away, although H.H. would eventually be able to discard his club loser on dummy's fourth spade. In the case of a doubleton jack-10, there was also nothing to be done: Papa could take his ace of spades now, but only at the expense of the king of clubs later, so it canceled out. But what if the Hog had started with the jack of spades bare or if his spades were jack-x and the ace descended ungloriously on the midge? To play as he had done, with jack-x in his hand, was just the sort of hocus-pocus in which the Hideous Hog would delight. He would park two losing clubs on dummy's king and queen of spades and jeer at Papa for the rest of the evening.

Having thought it out carefully, the

Greek played the 7 of spades and H.H. won the trick with the 10. Papa had expected it, yet somehow it did not add up, for if no hoax was intended, the Hog surely would have drawn trumps in the usual way. Like Papa, I could not help wondering why the Hog was being so devious, and I went over to look at his hand. Below you see the deal.

On the face of it, the slam was unbreakable if West had the king of clubs and unmakeable if East had it. Everything hinged on a simple finesse, which any beginner could take, and what more could an expert do?

Gathering in the second spade trick with a satisfied air, the Hog drew trumps, played off the two remaining diamonds and exited with his third spade. With a bow he turned to Papa and asked graciously: "Would you care to play into the ace-queen of clubs, Themistocles?"

NORTH		EAST (Papa)	
♠	K Q 6 5	♠	A 7 4
♥	J 8 7 5	♥	6 4
♦	A J 2	♦	7 6 3
♣	A Q	♣	K 10 7 6 4

WEST	NORTH	EAST (Papa)	SOUTH (H.H.)
♦ 9 8 5	♠ K Q 6 5	♠ A 7 4	♠ J 10 2
♥ 10 3 2	♥ J 8 7 5	♥ 6 4	♥ A K Q 9
♦ 10 9 8 4	♦ A J 2	♦ 7 6 3	♦ K Q 5
♣ 5 3 2	♣ A Q	♣ K 10 7 6 4	♣ J 9 8

You know how I hate taking finesse."

"A jump shift on that collection and a fake cue bid on top of it!" spluttered Papa indignantly. "And some people think he's the second-best player in the club."

When he finished chucking the Hog cleared his throat and, raising a fat pink forefinger, explained in the usual way how clever he was.

"You don't seem to appreciate my bidding," he said, winking knowingly at the kibitzers, "but I assure you that it's a mistake to bid too well. You give a lot away to opponents, and partner will not understand you anyway—unless, of course, you are fortunate enough to be playing with a Goren or a Garozzo or, er, with me," he added modestly.

"You should remember that for ev-

continued

ery partner you have two opponents and, in fooling all three, you are, every time, one fool to the good. An excellent bargain. Now take the last contract. Why did you present it to me? Because . . .

"Because," broke in the Greek heatedly, "you played as badly as you bid. Fancy risking two rounds of spades before drawing trumps! Wouldn't you have looked silly if the suit had broken four-two? On the second round I would have gone up with the ace and given my partner a ruff, and all the time the king of clubs might have been on side. How could I envisage such bad play?"

"You couldn't," agreed the Hog, chortling, "but that's just it. I could afford to play badly, as you seem to think, because I could rely on you to play well—scientifically, that is to say. Had either of you held an even number of spades, two or four, you would have solemnly signaled to each other—and to me on the way. But you played the 4 and the trey respectively, and I had the deuce myself. As for drawing trumps, I couldn't afford to let you see that I had only four, I had to keep you guessing about my distribution. Had you guessed correctly you would have avoided the end play, but I always had the club finesse to fall back on. But it's better play, I think, to bring off one's finesses whether they are right or wrong. By the way," asked the Hog in his silkkest voice, "purely as a matter of curiosity, where was the king of clubs?"

Also at my club are two gentlemen known as the Rueful Rabbit and Timothy the Toucan, who are the firmest of friends. In secret, each suspects the other of being the worst player in the world, and both, of course, are right. When Goren asked me to introduce them to you, he assured me that there are one or two players in America who are no better—a tall claim, motivated, I suspect, by chauvinism. But even if it's true, I refuse to believe that any wrongdoer in the States has a guardian angel so active, so unscrupulous or so consistently successful as has the Rabbit, for somehow no sin of his goes unwarded. The deal shown above is a recent example.

The bidding calls, perhaps, for a word of explanation. The Hog doubted, not so much because he hoped to break the contract as because he expected Papa to go back to spades. All know that Timothy the Toucan—he owes his nickname

NORTH			
♠	A J 4 3 2		
♥			
♦	A 8 7 6		
♣	K 9 8 5		
WEST			
♠	9 6		
♥	J 9 7 6 5		
♦	Q 3 3		
♣	7 6 1		
SOUTH			
♠	5		
♥	A K Q 10 8 4		
♦	K 4 2		
♣	A 3 2		
EAST			
♠	10 9 8 7		
♥	5 4 3 2		
♦	10 9 8 7		
♣	Q J 10		
SOUTH			
♠	5		
♥	A K Q 10 8 4		
♦	K 4 2		
♣	A 3 2		
WEST			
♠	10 9 8 7		
♥	5 4 3 2		
♦	10 9 8 7		
♣	Q J 10		

Opening lead: ♠ of spades

to a long, shiny red nose and a habit of bouncing in his chair—rarely fails to lose two or three tricks in the play, while Papa relies on his superior technique to bring in two or three that aren't there. A rescue operation was, therefore, clearly indicated.

Papa's redoubt was no less psychological than the Hog's double. He reasoned that if the Toucan had the audacity to insist on hearts, after hearing the senior partner bid and rebid spades, he must have a long solid suit and an ace or two to spare.

The Rabbit opened the spade 9, and, after taking one look at dummy, the Toucan began bouncing excitedly at the prospect of an overtrick. The tops in the side suits—spade ace, diamond ace-king and club ace-king—would yield five tricks, and since, on the double, the Hog was marked with length and strength in trumps, Timothy would make all his own trumps by ruffing dummy's spades in the closed hand.

Winning the first trick with dummy's spade ace, the Toucan ruffed a low spade with the heart 4, cashed the club ace, crossed to dummy with the club king and led another spade, intending to ruff in his hand. Already he had detached the heart 8 when there occurred an unfortunate diversion. The Rabbit, a life-long abstainer from nonalcoholic drink, was trying out a glass of ice water. He was training to qualify for the brain drain to the U.S., and someone had told him that in America water was the national beverage. So he was practicing. Wincing at the unaccustomed taste, the Rabbit hastened to put down his glass and, in

so doing, dropped his cards on the table. All but three, the jack-9-7 of hearts, came down face upward.

"Exposed cards," cried Papa. "Do you know your rights, partner, under the laws?"

"Pick them up," cried the Toucan chivalrously. "I'm not looking."

"You have a duty to your partner," insisted the Greek severely.

"I wouldn't dream of profiting by Timothy's magnanimity," retorted the Rabbit with hauteur. "My cards are exposed and . . ."

"Pick them up, I tell you," repeated the Toucan. "In any case, I won't call them."

"Then," replied the Rabbit, "I will select them myself—to your best advantage."

"Two can play at that game," countered T T, and, replacing the heart 8, he ruffed the spade 3 ostentatiously with the ace. In the same movement the Rabbit undertruffed defiantly with the 6. The Toucan laid down his diamond king. Smiling, the Rabbit threw his diamond queen. Timothy crossed to dummy's diamond ace and led another spade, ruffing blithely with the king. Once more the Rabbit undertruffed. Here is the five-card ending with the diamond 5 and the club 7 still exposed.

DUMMY			
♠	3		
♥			
♦	8 7		
♣	9 8		
RABBIT			
♠	J 9 7		
♥	5		
♦	7		
HOG			
♠	6		
♥	3 2		
♦	3		
♣	4		
TOUCAN			
♠	Q 10 8		
♥	4		
♦	3		

The Toucan exited with the 4 of diamonds, and, with the queen out of the way, the trick went to the jack. The Hog shot back a trump, declarer's 8 losing to the 9. Now the club 7, the last of the exposed cards, again gave the lead to the Hog, allowing him to play through declarer's heart queen-10 at the 12th trick.

"I've never seen either of you play so well," said a kibitzer, admiringly, to Timothy and the Rabbit.

"True," agreed the Hog, "but that's only because, being so noble, they were both trying to play badly." And he proceeded to explain that without the two underuffs the Rabbit's last five cards would have all been trumps. He would have had to ruff declarer's third diamond and then return a trump into the queen-10-8. The Toucan would have exited with his last club and again the Rab-

bit would take three spades and two clubs. Yet how could the contract be made without bringing in the clubs?

The solution came to Papa in a flash. At trick five he cashed his spade king, and, exiting with the trey, put the Rabbit in the lead. With a confident smile he detached the ace of hearts, making ready to throw it on R.R.'s fourth spade.

In the postmortem, just before rigor mortis set in, the Greek gave us the key to his spectacular line of play. "Being virtually certain that the Hog had the heart king," he told us, "it didn't matter to me whether the Rabbit had four spades or five. He couldn't take more than three tricks anyway. When he exited with a heart the Hog would be forced to give me an entry to dummy's diamonds. All I had to do was get rid of my heart ace before a heart was led."

Such was Papa's pretty plan, and it surely would have succeeded but for an unforeseeable move by the Rabbit. Instead of cashing his two good spades, he switched to a heart. Papa was helpless. He played low but, as he had guessed from the first, H.H. had the king. A heart return to Papa's ace, still there to mock him, locked him firmly in the closed hand. Only an end play in clubs allowed him to escape for one down.

Ignoring the Hog's euphoric sneers, Papa turned to the Rabbit. "I know you didn't mean it, but why did you do it? Surely you must have felt like making the most of those two splendid spades while you had the chance. What made you turn to hearts all of a sudden?"

"Perhaps I am not as unknowledgeable as you think," replied R.R. with quiet dignity. "You wanted me to lead spades so that you could rectify the count, as they say, so that I should help you squeeze my partner."

"What squeeze?" cried Papa in exasperation. "How many suits do you think there are? Diamonds are out of it, for they are all high in dummy, and you've seen the Hog show out in both black suits—and that leaves only hearts. So unless you've discovered a fifth suit, what is all this nonsense about a squeeze?"

The Rabbit bowed his head in shame. "I am sorry, Papa," he said meekly. "I shall certainly review that squeeze business for I don't seem to have the hang of it yet. Sometime, I may want to know all about it."

END

NORTH

♠ A 7 5
♥ Q 6
♦ Q J 10 9 8
♣ J 3 2

WEST

♠ 9 6
♥ K J 9 7 4 3
♦ 6 5 4 3 2
♣ —

EAST

♠ Q J 10 4 2
♥ 10 8 2
♦ 7
♣ Q 10 5 4

SOUTH

♠ A K 3
♥ A 5
♦ A K
♣ A K 9 8 7 6

NORTH

(Papa)
♠ PASS
♥ 3♦
3 N 7

WEST

(Hog)
♠ PASS
♥ 3♦
(All Pass)

NORTH

(Toucan)
♠ 2♦
♥ 3♦

EAST

(Rabbit)
♠ PASS
♥ 3♦

Opening lead: 9 of spades

bit would have been compelled to ruff and to lead a trump up to the queen-10. Instead of going down one, the Toucan would have made an overtrick.

The guardian angel was in action once more on the deal shown above.

Anticipating little danger that partner would play this hand, Papa bid normally. To the Hog, a lead from his long, broken heart suit appeared unattractive, and, in fact, it would have allowed declarer to make 11 tricks after the routine safety play of a club to the 9. Seeing no future in diamonds either, H.H. led the spade 9.

Papa won with the spade ace, laid down the club nine, noted with a raised eyebrow the Hog's deuce of diamonds and continued with the diamond ace and king. When, on the king, the Rueful Rabbit threw the heart 2, the Greek closed his eyes the better to see the East-West hands. The heart king came into view at once. Since the Hiccup Hog was marked with not fewer than five hearts, his only reason for not leading one must have been a reluctance to play away from the king. Regretfully Papa gave up the idea of setting up his clubs, since before he could enjoy that suit the Rab-



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The Señoritas of Santa Anita

An Aqueduct addict opens the season in California and discovers a new image at Arcadia but, fortunately, the old quality on the track

Going from the last day of racing at New York to the first of the 75-day meet at California's Santa Anita provided a number of contrasts. On Dec. 10 at Aqueduct the thermometer shuddered between 9° and 15° and most of the 25,112 fans, desperate for hibernation money, were forced by the cold to watch the races on closed-circuit television, shouting from in front of the cashiers' windows as if they were down on the rail. In the bedlam it was hard to tell whether or not your horse had won until the numbers went up, after which there was a surge to the windows and a funeral march to the bars.

At Santa Anita on Dec. 26 the skies cleared to a brilliant blue after heavy rains on Christmas Day. The temperature hovered between 49° and 57°, which Southern Californians consider close to frigid but I enjoyed. The 33,552 fans, beaming with fresh money, passed quickly into the grandstand, infield and clubhouse areas, which were newly decorated with paint and flowers. It was one of the lowest first-day attendances since 1934, when the Duchess of Arcadia opened its gates. The drop was attributed to the rains, the Hong Kong flu (which has hit one in every four persons in the Los Angeles area) and to the fact it was Thursday, a midweek working day.

I had Christmas dinner in the Santa Anita stable area, in the large track kitchen where more than 800 grooms, exercise boys and other stable hands with their wives and children were served the regulation turkey with stuffing, yams and peas and cranberry sauce. Each of us got a king-sized navel orange and an equally large very red apple. The dripping rain dampened spirits somewhat, and there was no hilarity in the block-long room and adjoining recreation hall, but a lot of quiet munching. Even the children were subdued; there was a small, glittering tree in a corner.

I spent a wet Christmas night in conversation at the Flamingo Bar, just outside one of the track entrances, with a man from Connecticut in his early 30s who had come to California 10 years ago to escape the cold and was at the moment warming his hands over a martini. At night he is a bartender not far from the track, by day he is a poker and horse player. He told me he is solvent but not rich, because he cannot bring himself to bet \$200 on 3-to-5 favorites. He will try to get to the track every one of the 75 days of the meet. His ambition is to attend the hotel and restaurant school in Lucerne, Switzerland on his GI Bill of Rights allowance and come back and open a place of his own. Meanwhile he strives for capital at the races and card tables. When we parted before midnight we agreed to look for each other in the racing haystack next day and exchange tips.

The haystack was smaller than the track people had hoped for, but I and my new friend and fellow addict never joined needles. The opening-day crowd was a mixture of fancy and plebeian, with the plebeian dominating. That is what Santa Anita would like to see throughout the season, because it is trying to change its supposedly snooty image. This year the track has enlarged the picnic grounds in the infield where a marachi band plays catchy music; built a playpen for the kiddies, whom the law high-handedly prevents from betting; and hired a bevy of Santa Anita Señoritas, who are not topless. I talked to a pretty one freezing in the infield kiosk. She used to play baseball, loves to watch football on television and, though born and bred in Arcadia, did not go racing until she was paid to do so. Sensing an amateur, patrons asked her silly questions which she answered very seriously. It was too chilly for picnics, but I almost tripped over a couple of empty pint rye whiskey bottles.

Because of the heavy track there were plenty of overnight scratches, but the nine races were of quality and well run, and announced by Joe (Old Man River) Hernandez, who has called every race since Santa Anita opened. He was tallying his 13,609th consecutive call when Better News won the first race. I had \$10 on Better News, and I regret to say that the wizened, middle-aged wit behind the cashier's window said as he passed out \$60, "What could be better news?"

I did well for a New York street Arab accustomed to arid Aqueduct; set down amidst the flowers and beowish-purple backdrop of the San Gabriel Mountains range, I won five of the nine races for a net profit of \$252. The track press book proudly proclaimed that this year the gardeners had transplanted 800,000 "Santa Anita super jumbo pansies . . . bright yellow in tone, supplemented with blossoms of blue." I sniffled at a few pansies but preferred the Santa Anita Señoria.

The feature race, the \$25,000-added Palos Verdes Handicap for all ages, furnished an exciting stretch duel when Rising Market, ridden by Laffit Pincay Jr., popularly called "The Pirate," stole the event from the Eastern horse, Tumiga, in the last couple of strides and paid \$740. Not entirely by coincidence, this was the third consecutive opening day that Rising Market with Pincay had won a race at Santa Anita.

Next day, Friday, the weather was warmer; the mountains were less spectacular but the long shots more so. In every race from the second through the sixth, horses paying from \$15 to \$27 won, and my capital dwindled.

I visited my Santa Anita Señoria in the infield and she addressed me by name. In the course of our chat it turned out that she was separated after three years of marriage and had two tiny children. Having once married a girl with children, I politely abandoned this one for the combination window and on my rapid way back stumbled on the impersonal tots sliding into the sand from a stone sea lion. There were more children at Santa Anita than I have ever seen at a racetrack, even in France.

Once the sunshine increases and the flu diminishes, the track should have a fine season, but even in relative adversity it is as lovely a place to go racing as any in the United States. **END**

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A would-be dunker with soul

Back from Mexico City, Olympian Spencer Haywood feels inhibited by college rules, but only the least bit. He is making Detroit a power

The University of Detroit's first basketball game of the season was brought to an absolutely smashing if somewhat premature—climax when Spencer Haywood dunked the ball and threw the glass backboard in for good measure. "I was looking down through the basket and I saw this guy waiting to submarine me," Haywood said with just a hint of a put-on. "So I said to myself, 'well,' and I grabbed the rim. It was an old backboard, anyway." The dunking episode was illegal, but it did remind some people—if anybody could forget—that the 6' 8½" star was back from Mexico City, and guess what team is going straight to the top?

One month into the season, Haywood is proving to be an even more brilliant catalyst for Detroit than he was for the gold-medal-winning U.S. Olympic team last October. Singlehandedly, he is turning a bona fide collection of nobodies into a smooth, winning outfit that now is playing on the edge of college basketball's Top Ten. "With Spencer," says sophomore Guard James Jackson, "we think we can do almost anything."

The case for Detroit looked stronger than ever last weekend. The Titans made a laugh-in of their own Motor City Tournament, rolling past Mississippi State 86-62 Friday night and then beating Temple 87-76 24 hours later for their ninth and 10th straight victories of the season. The story was the same each night, everywhere the befuddled visitors turned, there was Haywood blocking their shots, grabbing rebounds out of their hands, gliding through or muscling over them to fill the baskets with points. Haywood got 32 points and 29 rebounds against State, but Temple found him even more awesomely perfect, or perfectly awesome. He made his first 10 shots from the floor to settle matters early, then ambled out to accept the Outstanding Player Trophy while the stands chanted, "Spencer's got soul, Spencer's got soul."

If Haywood has a weakness it is that

he is almost too aggressive. His penchant for gaudy dunking has cost the Titans more baskets than Coach Bob Calihan considers necessary. "Sometimes Spencer's up there so high," says Calihan, "that he doesn't know what to do and it's hurt his game."

Four years ago Spencer Haywood truly did not know what to do. That is when Will Robinson, the 57-year-old coach at Detroit's Pershing High, took him over. The least of what Robinson has provided for Haywood is a 1962 Austin Healey ("Not an automobile, a raggedy mobile," says Haywood), his Christmas present this year. The most is a home. Robinson, now Haywood's legal guardian, is also his adviser, friend and father figure. In 1964 Haywood was shuttling between his mother in Silver City, Mass. and relatives in Chicago and Detroit. "I was headed the wrong way," says Haywood now. "I was, you know, a thug. All I wanted to do was rob, man, or hustle a pool game, whatever it took to make some money."

Robinson talked Ida and James Bell into giving Haywood a legal residence in Detroit. Then he began the work of stimulating the boy's mind and refining his talent. "When I first saw Spencer he could barely write his name," says Robinson. "They only had school six months down there in Mississippi, and Spencer only went three. As a player he was big and he could shoot any shot, but his idea of playing defense was standing flat-footed with his arms out. Can you imagine? But he had raw talent, so I started doing everything that a coach does, a friend does, a father does. Nobody had taken that kind of interest in him before."

Haywood not only went to school regularly, he worked overtime with special tutors. He did ballet routines to develop finesse, he ran mile after mile for stamina and he even swept out the locker room for spending money. Many of the qualities Haywood possesses today—



HAYWOOD SEES SHOT THROUGH THE HOOP

perseverance, grace, strength, humility can be traced to Robinson's efforts. "It was just problem solving, that's all," says Robinson. "He had the ability; I gave him the direction."

After two years under Robinson, Haywood was one of the choice high school prospects in the country. More than 400 colleges were interested in giving him a scholarship. Here, for the first time, Haywood did not take Robinson's advice. He narrowed the field to Detroit and Tennessee, then signed a letter of intent with Tennessee, wanting, as he said, "to

be the first Negro player in the Southeastern Conference."

But Haywood still had not improved enough to pass Tennessee's entrance examinations. So in the fall of 1967 he went off to Trinidad Junior College in Colorado with the hope of bringing up his grades sufficiently to transfer to a major school. He really impressed college scouts by attaining a better than B grade average.

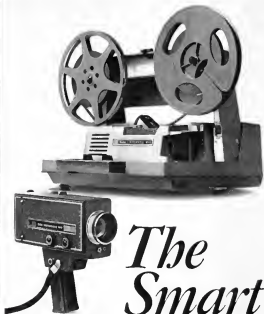
At the Olympics, Haywood found the international rules to his liking, and not only led the U.S. in scoring and rebounding but used dunk power to psych out the world. His fondest memory of Mexico City is getting a standing ovation when he was taken out of the gold-medal game with Yugoslavia. "That's something that just every player doesn't get," he says.

When Haywood returned to Detroit, Calihan looked for signs of bigheadedness, but saw something else instead. "His exposure to the Olympics was a great thing for him culturally," Calihan says. "He is very, very proud of his association with the Olympic team and what he did for the U.S. He's a humble person though proud."

Haywood is majoring in radio-TV at Detroit and wants to go into show business eventually, either as an actor or disc jockey, and would try sports announcing. Meanwhile he is dabbling in clothes designing with his best friend, Vernell DeSilva, an art major and basketball teammate who followed him to Detroit from Trinidad. They spend hours together dreaming up men's fashions, Haywood providing ideas and DeSilva putting them down on paper. "We're designing clothes for when we get enough money to buy them," says Haywood, watching DeSilva sketch a pair of bell-bottom slacks. "We keep the patterns and try to sell them to the guys in our dorm." How many have they sold? "Well, er, one so far," says Haywood, grinning.

There is no question that professional basketball will someday provide Spencer with all the money he needs. There is a question, however, that Detroit can survive its rigorous schedule even with Haywood's remarkable individual ability. It must play Marquette and Notre Dame twice each, Dayton, Villanova, Toledo and La Salle. "It would be nice to win," says Haywood, "but I sure wish they would let me dunk."

END



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on top despite heavy attrition



ROOKIE TONY ESPOSITO IS STILL ERRATIC

If the supreme test of a championship team is to win despite the loss of key players, the Montreal Canadiens have just passed with high marks—by hanging onto first place in the National Hockey League while operating for five weeks without their two regular goaltenders. But while Lorne (Gump) Worsley, his nerves jangling, and Rogation Vachon, a broken bone in his hand healing slowly in a plaster cast, watched games from the press box, the Canadiens' net sometimes appeared to be as wide as the Fleuve Saint-Laurent.

Tony Esposito, the paunchy, curly-haired brother of the Boston Bruins' Phil Esposito, was the rookie suddenly shoved into the 4-by-6-foot gap normally filled by Worsley or Vachon—and Tony, well, he has this tendency to roam away from the net. Although he settled down somewhat after a few games—an expression of worry hidden by his dark protective mask—Esposito's overall performance was shaky. The Canadiens have won five games, tied four and lost only two with Esposito, but he has been tending goal the hard way, making a spectacular save one moment and letting in a soft 50-footer the next. This has done nothing whatsoever to calm the churning stomach of Claude Ruel, who in his first year as coach of the Canadiens has already lost 25 of the 230 pounds he began the season with.

Minutes after he had beaten the Philadelphia Flyers 1-0 in a game in which the expansion team had managed but a handful of shots from closer than 35 feet, Esposito held out his hand; it was trembling. "I've always been nervous before a game, but never like up here, with the Canadiens," he admitted. "The pressure, the crowd—I've never experienced anything like it before in my life."

Worsley, a short, chubby, crew-cut veteran of more than 700 NHL games, knows what Esposito means. "Everybody takes pride in what they do, but with the Canadiens you get a double dose," Worsley said. "With them there's only one place to finish—and that's first. The front office demands it and the fans expect it. Anywhere else is a disaster. When I was with New York we just set out to make the playoffs—fourth place, if necessary—just make the playoffs. Here, we finished second a couple years ago and you'd have thought the world came to an end.

"And the goaltender, he feels the pres-

sure more than anyone. Would you believe that eight or nine guys on this club have Vezina clauses in their contracts? In other words, if Vachon and I win the Vezina Trophy [which they combined to take last year as the NHL's best goaltending team] they get a bonus. So what happens? Late in the season we may be ahead in a game 4-1 or 5-1, but here come the defensemen and some forwards skating back to my net. They whack me on the pads and give me little pep talks. 'Hang in there, Gumper,' they say. 'Don't let any easy ones in. Don't give 'em anything.' That's some pressure, eh?"

That and the pressure applied by the Forum's demanding fans, plus a deep concern about his future, strained Worsley's nerves to the breaking point. Nearing 40, the Gumper has devoted his entire working life to defending nets from New York to Saskatoon. He has little money and a scanty education and he is worried that his only marketable skill may be that of stopping speeding hockey pucks. Ever since training camp opened in September it was evident things were on Worsley's mind. Normally good-natured and jovial, he had come to camp moody and snappish. In a game at Minnesota he caught a stick in the mouth and 15 stitches were required to close the wound. Next he began experiencing sharp pains in his back—pains for which the doctors could find no cause. "How would you feel," he said, "if your back hurt and nobody could fix it?"

Finally, following a turbulent 2¼-hour flight to Chicago on Nov. 26, Worsley's fear of flying—which he had managed to live with for 15 years—became overpowering. When the plane reached the gate, Worsley walked ashen-faced to Ruel and said, "Claude, I'm sorry. But that did it. I just can't take it anymore." Within an hour he was on his way back to Montreal—by train.

Vachon, a dark-eyed 23-year-old long on sideburns and promise, took over, but a week later a slap shot during a practice session fractured the fifth metacarpal bone in his right hand and he, too, was on the shelf. Vachon was expected to return this week, making Montreal a threat to break open the race in the East. If the Gumper can conquer his anxieties and come back, too, the Canadiens need ask for no additional New Year's treats.



All pro Center Taylor, Washington Redskins

Charley Taylor gets an "energy edge" with Carnation Instant Breakfast

He was 1964 Rookie of the Year. In '66 and '67 he won the NFL pass receiving title. And every year he's been named to the pro bowl. Charley sets the pace alright. And Carnation Instant Breakfast, mixed with milk, helps him. He has it in the morning and before games, too. It's charged with nutrition and energy. Get your "energy edge" with Carnation Instant Breakfast.





Can't enter your child!
Ki-ri Ki-ri Ki rickety rickety!
We're wooly!

PEANUTS Popcorn Onion Soup
We want a touchdown Poop Poop-a-doop

ROOT

SEX

OLE MISS

BIM BAM

Come out of the forest!
We're wild!
We're sharp as a tack!

GEORGIA

SEX

spooks

Goye Bruins! Rack, Rack, Rack!
Any been been

HIP HOP
GIVE UP
HEAR 'EM HEAT

Whomp
can
up
Side
the
head

ONCE IT WAS ONLY SIS-BOOM-BAH!

BY TATIANA

But now vocal empathy is the kick as collegiate cheerleaders turn on everything from familiar neoclassic fight chants to libidinous exhortation, high-camp hip and unsanctified soul

Give me a P
Give me a U
Give me a R
Give me a D
Give me a U
Give me a E

Are you ready?
H-E-L-L Y-E-S
D-A-M-N R-I-G-H-T
Hoddy todody
God almighty
Who the hell are we?
Hey! Flim flam
Bim bam
Ole Miss
By damn

The cheerleader?
A black, finger-snapping, swinging
prelaw student at New Mexico whose
big beat is soul sounds.

Give me an S
Give me an E
Give me an X
What do we want?
S-E-X

Who are the cheerleaders?
An Indiana farm boy living off the
fat of prairie land—hogs pay for his
blue Thunderbird.

A black militant with a Mao sun and
a "natural"—"That's right baby, I'm
for Wallace. He calls a spade a spade.
If he ever got elected, we'd have a civil
war. A lot of people would leave this
country, but I'd stay 'round for the
fight."

Two bits
Four bits
Six bits
A dollar
All for Georgia
Stand up and holler

The cheerleaders?
A weight lifter who was an alternate
on the U.S. Olympic team—"They had
sissy boys before as cheerleaders. Now
it's real stud."

An Athens Poultry Princess, lank-
haired and blonde.

The cheerleaders?
A son of an Oxford, Miss. laundry-
man, "Johnny Rebel," furiously waving
a Confederate flag. He spent \$1,000 get-
ting himself elected.

Miss Hattasburg High '67, National
Sweetheart of Theta Kappa Omega, Mis-
sissippi Junior Miss, Ole Miss Top Beau-
ty, Miss America hopeful.

Leader: I got it.
Crowd: What?
Leader: You need it.
Crowd: What?
Leader: It's in mah eye.
Crowd: Oh yeah.
Leader: It's in the sky.
Crowd: Oh yeah.
Leader: It's on the roof.
Crowd: Oh yeah.
Leader: Honest troof.
Our cool team, cool!

The cheerleader?
A crew-cut varsity oarsman at Berke-
ley—"It's our version of the old 'Give-
me-six-for-a-touchdown' cheer. You've
got to have something risqué these days."

Lean to the left
Lean to the right
Stand up
Sit down

The cheerleader?
UCLA's put-on hippie—love beads,
Galahad locks and mauve granny glass-
es. He calls it his nonviolent cheer.

This cacophony of modern stadium
music is in its way a microcosm of col-
lege youth today. It reflects the coun-
try's diverse cultures—Midwest tradi-
tional, Southern aristocrat, Mississippi
red-neck, California showboat—and its
disparate ideals, concerns, goals, politics

continued



and prejudices. The attitudes behind the cheers are passed on from class to class and generation to generation like the family silver, with some of the qualities being sterling and a few rather tarnished. So fundamentally different are the cheers—and attitudes—of various representative universities that one wonders, in the last analysis, how a Purdue and UCLA, for example, can ever stand across a field and shout at each other.

The legacy at Purdue, the inheritance handed down, is one of clean living and hard work. "This is the last bastion of common sense," an assistant director of admissions at Purdue declares forthrightly. "The parents of our students don't want their sons and daughters going to institutions like Columbia, Berkeley and Amos. Our students are here to learn a profession. They are not trying to solve the problems of the world. That can wait for another day. They don't have time for that hanky-panky. They think about calculus and chemistry, not 'I should do this' or 'I should do that' for philosophic reasons. Those are subversive groups at Berkeley and Columbia."

Purdue is as level-headed as a crew cut, and the assistant director's assessment is borne out, and even typified by, Purdue's cheerleaders—though the specter of a disordered world began to arise last year. "Our kids are not activists," says the administration adviser to cheerleaders, Dean Virgil Miller. "If they are taking 18 hours of engineering they don't have time. It is the liberal arts students that are behind the occasional demonstrations here." It was one such demonstration that presented Dean Miller with some trying moments and led to the integration of the cheerleaders. Representation on the squad was one of several demands made by Black Student Action Committee agitators last spring. Purdue had 16 Negro football players, including the famous Leroy Keyes and two starting linemen who—at an average weight of 261—loomed large on the campus landscape. So the request was

not surprising. Nor were the athletes directly involved. "I don't think our athletes have any of the problems that you hear about at other places," Dean Miller says. "I happen to be doing my doctorate on the history of the Negro at Purdue. I haven't talked to any of the athletes yet but I don't think—in fact, I'd say categorically—that none of those things happen."

Before the demonstration a panel that included Dean Miller, two members of the campus Pep Committee and three of last year's cheerleaders had selected five boys and five girls as cheerleaders for 1968. All were members of sororities or fraternities. The system tends to be self-perpetuating. A graduating cheerleader coaches and promotes a sorority sister or fraternity brother. Sororities gain prestige by having a member on the cheering squad, it is supposed to be excellent evidence that the house is high-spirited and involved in campus activities. The Kappa Alpha Thetas, which at Purdue are "the better-class girls," according to Cheerleader Captain Mark Jones, had a cheerleading monopoly two years ago, four of the five girls on the squad were sorority sisters.

One of this year's Thetas, Mary Sweet—Sweetie to her friends—has been a cheerleader for three years and now heads the girls. In her purse she carries a splinter from a 1967 Rose Bowl goalpost. The cheerleaders traveled west for the game on a student train—their most memorable locomotive—and Sweetie has an album of snapshots showing them in places like Las Vegas and Denver, sightseeing in their cheerleader sweaters and doing Fight-Purdue-Fight routines in railroad stations.

Her male counterpart, Mark Jones, is the blond farmer's son who drives a Thunderbird. He worked in Chicago last summer but he did not particularly enjoy it. "I like the conservative life," he says. "I'm comfortable in it. I stayed away from Grant Park. Those hippies deserved what they got. The last two years the whole campus has been aware of this other element. People from larger cities are bringing in ideas. My idea is if they don't like the conservative at-

mosphere here they don't have to come. Were the majority of Purdue students as conservative as he? Jones was asked. "Yes," he said. "The political sentiment was for Wallace. He spoke out and told the truth, not lies."

Given their conservatism, the sorority girls and fraternity boys had to do considerable soul-searching—under administrative pressure—before agreeing to admit two Negroes arbitrarily to the squad. Neither girl, it was pointed out, had earned the right to be on the squad, they had not taken part in the regular cheerleader tryouts. The school administration, it was felt, was applying a principle of forced integration.

After much discussion, the cheerleaders agreed to accept the two blacks, Pam Ford and Pam King, though reluctantly. Pam Ford is the daughter of a Winston-Salem, N.C. milkman ("Oh, I've been telling everyone your father picked tobacco," Mary Sweet remarked one night) and is far from being a militant. Pam King, who has a brother at Dartmouth, is the stepdaughter of an East Chicago, Ind. welder and the wife of Charlie King, a quarterback for the Cincinnati Bengals. She is regarded uneasily on campus as an instigator of the Black Student Action group demonstration. Without doubt she lacks the grace and coordination to be a good cheerleader. "I had a purpose in wanting to become a cheerleader here," she says. "I saw it as a sign, a good omen, that Purdue could have black people on the squad. And I thought it would give me an opportunity to be close enough to a group of white people to sort of help them when they were being bigoted."

Her presence on the squad may or may not have led to many meaningful exchanges. Consider the following grievance-take, which occurred in a car carrying the cheerleaders to the Northwestern game last fall. Pam King was in the front seat attired in a Mao pants suit that militates against everything and everyone in West Lafayette, Ind. Her hair is "natural." In the back seat was blonde, green-eyed Diane Teder, an active Lafayette girl scout until she was a senior in high school. A Dow Chemical truck passes by

continued

Purdue's Diane Teder is Girl Scouts, milk shakes and a world of cheering apparatus

Pam: Ah, man's inhumanity to man. People around you tell you, "Don't try. Forget about it."

Diane: I think too many people in this world are pessimists. I think things are getting better.

Pam: What's going on that's good?

Diane: Well, Purdue beat Notre Dame last week (giggle). Let's see some optimism. When we were fighting the English, things were pretty bad then. I'm just not a pessimist.

Pam: Well, Diane, you can afford not to be.

Diane: Good things are happening, but they happen so slow we don't even notice them.

Pam: I still am seeing groups of whites get together to put stumbling blocks in front of blacks.

Diane: Oh, Pam, in 10 years more you and I will have kids and not even think about this. How many kids do you want? Tell me, how did you get engaged? What did your husband say—the exact words? I ask everyone.

Pam: Well, men disappointed me throughout high school.

Diane: Ohhh. That's cool, that's groovy.

Put these girls in their cheerleading uniforms, give them pompoms and send them onto a football field or a basketball court in the Indiana town of Lafayette before thousands of excited fans who want to shout and sing for good old Purdue, and the "culture gap," as Pam King calls it, diminishes for three hours. Yet Pam King is still just a brief, black cloud in Purdue's cheerleading ethic, which comes down to Midwest Americana: Mary Sweet, Mark Jones and "Give me a P." There's the simplest, oldest and most familiar form of cheerleading. Their goal is to rouse school spirit by exhorting the crowd, but they do not try to entertain. Purdue has a baton-twirling Golden Girl for that.

At Georgia, being a cheerleader is more rigorous, more time-consuming, more dangerous and more fun.

In many respects the University of Georgia mirrors the ways of the aristocratic Old South, its languid grace and courtliness. Negro retainers serve dinner

under chandeliers in the antebellum sorority and fraternity houses on South Milledge Avenue. The university, chartered in 1785, retains an air of privilege. "This is a dress school," is how one undergraduate puts it. There is, in general, a well-bred, headstrong beauty about the Georgia girls, and one is reminded, strangely and suddenly, of Scarlett O'Hara.

A mild profanity, the hellos and damns that mark a Southerner's conversation as Coca-Cola signs edge his highways, is characteristic of Georgia's cheers. "We yell 'damn good defense' or 'damn good coach,'" says Cheerleader Kerry Macris, the weight lifter who was an alternate on the U.S. Olympic team. "During a game, if a train goes over the trestle near the stadium, we might yell 'damn good train.' The best damn cheer we've done was once this year when it was real hot. I saw this little bitty cloud moving in front of the sun so I called for a 'damn good cloud.' The whole crowd broke up." When a student group initiated a campaign recently to interest Georgia's students in their student government, it named the program "Give a Damn." The slogan is borrowed from The Urban Coalition, which uses it, in part, to attract whites to the black cause, but Georgia's students do not seem to be aware of that.

"This is a dull campus," says Butch Scott, editor of the twice-a-week student newspaper, *The Red and Black*. When the managing editor dropped out of school, Scott assumed his duties because no one really wanted the job. The apathy has become serious enough for school officials to hire a young woman to operate a viable student union, and last fall ministers on campus launched a program of their own called Thrust. "In effect, what the school is doing," Scott says, "is telling the students, 'Here is the ball. You can run with it if you want.'"

Georgia has an SDS chapter and an occasional incident. Last spring there was a two-day sit-in by 200 demonstrators in the Academic Building. They were agitating for women's rights, demanding that the women have no curfew and be

allowed to drink in Athens, a privilege granted men. Following a student referendum, female equality was established. Then, several weeks ago, black Georgia students unfurled a banner at a football game that read "Bill Dooley [head football coach at the University of North Carolina] has black athletes. How about Vince [Georgia's head football coach]?" A scuffle followed, and white students tore the banner down. Campus police intervened. The sign was confiscated. End of incident.

If Georgia is a "dull campus" when it comes to various forms of student involvement, it is not dull socially or athletically, and its cheerleaders decidedly give a damn. They bring to a game and a crowd something of the flair exhibited by Georgia's most noted football player of recent times, Fran Tarkenton. For Georgia's girls, cheerleading is no mere wagging of pompoms, and for its boys a stern athletic endeavor is involved. All of the boy cheerleaders are members of the gymnastic team, and a prerequisite of making the squad is being able to do continuous backflips for 50 yards. All of the boys can backflip the length of a football field.

This unusually energetic approach to cheerleading began five years ago when the university, concerned about the physical fitness of its students, hired Lee Cunningham, a young gymnastics coach who had been All-America at Penn State and who had qualified for the 1960 U.S. Olympic team. Cunningham is slight, round-shouldered and looks like "beef" in a bodybuilding ad (His students call him "Spider" but accord him the respect that they might a black wallow.) One of the incidental duties given Cunningham was to be faculty adviser to the cheerleaders. At the time cheerleading was considered a "sassy" activity for boys. "The most athletic thing the boys did was to jump up and touch their toes with a bent leg," Cunningham says. "I decided to change that." He introduced tumbling and gymnast rou-

continued

Georgia has Poulter Princess Ann DeLoe (above), while Ole Miss offers Jane Foster



times, and gradually the male cheerleaders began to acquire a far more vigorous image around campus. Cunningham now handpicks the boys on the squad, and they consider themselves "real stud." So do some other people. "They are unbelievably masculine," coos one of the girl cheerleaders. "You should see them without their shirts."

Nor have the girls escaped Cunningham's attention. Coeds trying out for the squad are given three weeks training in tumbling and somersaulting off trampolines, sessions that have braided many a Georgia peach. Cunningham then cuts the group of hopefuls to the most promising 10 to 15. These go to the cheerleading finals, which are held before 10,000 people in the Coliseum, Cunningham's theory being that there is nothing like a little hand-to-hand combat to reveal a girl's fighting spirit. A panel composed of four student-body officers and 10 faculty members—a physics or geology professor is usually included to assure an eclectic opinion—selects the winning six. Sororities and fraternities come to the finals en masse, providing vociferous and highly partisan cheering sections for candidates. The girls are judged on figure, face, poise, posture, individual cheering, group cheering, pep, voice and tumbling. "They are always nice to us during the tryouts," a boy cheerleader notes. "They have to work out with us in front of the judges, and we can make them look good or bad." After they have won a place on the squad, the girls sometimes are not as thoughtful. They may, for example, pay slightly less attention to their weight and become a handful to hoist. One of the present group is known, albeit affectionately, as Leadbottom.

As usual, the winners of the latest competition turned out to be the holders of numerous beauty titles. Last fall Cheerleader Debbie Giles represented Georgia in the Miss Southeast Conference contest. Ann DeLong is the Athens Poultry Princess and three other cheerleaders are on the All-Campus Eleven, a group selected as "the most-rounded" girls at Georgia.

The élan of the squad is well expressed

in its fleet of cars—GTOs, Mustangs, Camaros, a TR4 (it belongs to Head Cheerleader Macris, who keeps it locked in the university poultry barn) and an air-conditioned VW. Couch Cunningham cheerfully holds his own with a yellow Thunderbird convertible.

Unlike Purdue's more casual cheerleaders, Georgia's girls continue to go through a rough, demanding and invigorating training program after they are selected, and they take considerable pride in their performances. They have night-practices doing flips, handsprings, cartwheels and splits as bare feet and aching backs thud against the wrestling mats in the Coliseum or on the grass outside. Their efforts have a rhythm of concentration and skill as their leader, Mermaid-voiced Linda Wood, calls out the cheers:

Rip 'em up
Tear 'em up
Give 'em hell, Georgia

"I'm sweating like a colored person," Mary Jo Mansour said, flopping on the floor after a recent practice. But, displeased with her performance—she had been turning her head to the side in flips off the trampoline—she made an appointment with Cunningham for an hour's coaching early the next morning. "That's all she will need," he said. "Sometimes a girl will begin to lose her nerve. You take her back to the beginning and run her through the fundamentals and she'll be fine again. I ask a lot of this group, the boys and the girls, and I think they have a great deal of pride in the things they have accomplished."

This season Georgia's football team and Cunningham's crew made it to the Sugar Bowl where, perhaps, the whole country could get a quick television glimpse of an Athens Poultry Princess.

But turn farther south now, deep south, down to Mississippi, where a cheerleader is likely to be a Miss America aspirant instead of a Poultry Princess, where becoming a cheerleader is a social-political activity and where the sweat is largely devoted to attaining the position, not performing in it.

How much it means to be a cheerleader at Ole Miss can be measured by

the expense of getting elected. Though the university has a rule forbidding students from spending more than \$75 per candidate on elections, "the vouchers are kinda juggled," a cheerleader explains. Presumably most of them are lost, because no boy or girl has a chance to win unless their represented fraternity or sorority spends at least \$1,000. Billboards are plastered up—VOTE JOHNNY REBEL; KITTY HAY—DEDICATED DYNAMITE; WALTERINE'S SPIRIT MACHINE; YOU CAN BET ON BOOB. Cards are printed, athletes' endorsements sought, musical hand-wagons roll from sorority house to fraternity house—in all, a fervor of political activity in the American-traditional mode.

"As a cheerleader you become known," one of the group explains. "It primes the students to vote for you in other elections. It is the biggest of all the campus elections."

The winners are not the most adept cheerleaders but the most popular students or the ones who put together the most powerful political machines. There are alliances between sororities and fraternities—"we'll vote for your candidate if you vote for ours." There are grudges—the Delta Gammas don't vote for Chi Omegas, it is said, because an elderly lady, a Chi Omega, owns the old house in Oxford where the Delta Gammas were founded. The woman refused to sell house and home to the DGs. There is block voting by women scorned. Sororities become jealous of girls who win too many honors. Spitefully, they vote for plain Janes. When Ole Miss comes up with a homey cheerleader, it is probably because she benefited handsomely by this ballot of dissent. Zetta Mae Bryant, a cheerleader who had been undefeated in campus elections and is considered sexy by the males at Oxford, is rumored to have been the victim of such a face-powder plot in the recent homecoming-queen election, which she lost to a write-in candidate.

After a week of enthusiastic speeches and relentless campaigning in March, the cheerleader candidates offer last-minute enticements—bubble gum, Cokes, cotton candy, chocolate footballs, Popsicles

—to students as they cast their votes in a ballot box in front of The Grill. In Oxford the way to a man's vote seems to be through his stomach—the gut issue.

The current cheerleaders, four boys and four girls, were elected under tense circumstances. Martin Luther King had been assassinated the weekend before the scheduled election, and on the day prior to the voting a group of black Ole Miss students, 50 to 75 of them (there are about 100 in the student body of 6,000), marched in a solemn procession up a street where campaigning cheerleaders were promising voters such things as a free supply of Rebel flags. "We shall overcome," chanted the Negroes. "Black Power."

"There was a riot," says Johnny Morgan, who was campaigning as Johnny Rebel. "These kids will tell you there was no riot, because you're a Northern reporter, but I'll tell you there was. I was in there throwing eggs. After the march the niggers went to The Grill and spread all around instead of going in back and sitting down together. They'd sit at tables where there were couples. One guy turned over a table on a nigger and walked out. Man, I was a physical wreck. The election had been going just right, and we figured just how many cards we needed printed up, and then these niggers came down and the administration decided to dismiss classes. You couldn't find a soul around here. The election was postponed until after the Easter holidays. I had to go get more cards printed up."

After the effort and expense of winning, Ole Miss cheerleaders have been known to semiretire. Some have not shown up at bowl games until halftime. Last spring others refused to appear at basketball games because they could find more excitement elsewhere. But this year's cheerleaders are more devoted. They have four cheers instead of the previous two, and at a college cheerleading clinic held in July in Hattiesburg they won four ribbons and a spirit stick and were named the most improved group.

Nonetheless, Ole Miss will gladly leave the aerobics to Georgia. What it likes to boast about are its parties and its beau-

ties. The "Top Beauty"—a title won in another campus contest—is Jane Carol Foshee. She is a cheerleader and is being touted in Oxford as the next Miss America. "Jane Carol is not only beautiful outside but beautiful inside," sighs one coed. Ole Miss has its own entry in the Miss Mississippi contest, and twice its representative, Miss University, has gone on to be Miss America: Majorette Mary Ann Mobley won at Atlantic City in 1959 and Linda Lee Mead in 1960. While volleyball and tennis trophies captured by Ole Miss sororities are wedged away in bookcases, the beauty cups shine on the mantelpiece.

Not entirely coincidentally, Jane Carol Foshee belongs to Chi Omega, the sorority of the two previous Miss Americas. She received invitations from all 10 Ole Miss sororities on campus but felt "more at home" with the Chi Omegas. Though she is just 19, she is already a beauty-pageant veteran, having been Miss Hattiesburg High and Mississippi Junior Miss. Her rendition of *Second Hand Rose*, complete with an ostrich feather shawl and lace bloomers, has become increasingly polished.

Contesting with Jane Carol at beauty-conscious Ole Miss is Zetta Mae, the defeated homecoming queen candidate. Zetta Mae has been a cheerleader for three years and twice has been voted a "Favorite" in yet another campus election. "Zetta Mae is sexy," says Head Cheerleader Bodie Catlin. "She catches your eye real quickly. Jane Carol is the kind of girl you'd bring home to your mother."

It is pointed out with pride at Ole Miss that few beards are seen. "There are some strange guys in the art department," it is confessed, "but they are pseudo hippies." "The big thing here is to look cool and have a sharp date," says Johnny Morgan. "The college crowd, when they go to a game, don't want to yell. They don't want to blow their cool." But they do want to wave Rebel flags—the school provides \$2,000 in the \$5,000 cheerleader budget specifically for flags—and they do risk enough cool to belt out their favorite cheer:

Are you ready?

H-E-L-L Y-E-S

D-A-M-N R-I-G-H-T

Hoddy today

God almighty

Who the hell are we?

Hey! Flim flam

Bim bam

Ole Miss

By damn

What a shock it would be to Ole Miss students if they knew that another of their four cheers—

Whoomp 'em up

Side o' the head

Whoomp 'em up

Side o' the head

—is considered a "soul" cheer in the Southwest and as such represents a step toward the social-awareness movement in cheerleading. "Soul is the big thing in this part of the country," says Jim Hart, a former SMU cheerleader. "Soul cheers are often dialect cheers. It is amusing to hear crowds at Alabama and Ole Miss using them, but I suppose they are accepted naturally."

Hart is a cheerleading instructor working for the National Cheerleaders Association, which is based in Dallas. The NCA was begun in 1952 by Lawrence Herkimer, a cheerleader in the days of Doak Walker. Today Herkimer has a \$1.25 million business selling cheerleading outfits, megaphones and pompons and running cheerleading and song-girl clinics in 43 states. Probably a quarter of today's cheerleaders have been to a Herkimer clinic at one time or another.

There have always been sectional variations in cheerleading, Herkimer says. The Big Ten and Ivy League schools are traditionalists. Illinois schools have been using the Indian-inspired

Oskee wa wa

Skini wa wa

since Lincoln won the big Blue-Gray Game at Gettysburg.

The junior colleges in California, having no tradition to build upon, have been the primary innovators of new cheers. "Four years ago in California they began making personality the prime consideration in cheerleading," Herkimer says. "Now they have moved into an

continued



era of specialization. There is a man on a mike, and he is an entertainer. Cheerleading has become show biz."

The soul cheers that are the fad in the Southwest came by way of California, but each place they arrive at seems to embellish them or present them in some new personalized form. The soul cheers have an infectious quality about them. During the opening game of the 1968 football season at the University of New Mexico, Sam Johnson, a Negro peewee student, started leading soul cheers in the stands. Lobo students and the school's regular cheerleaders picked up his beat, and Sam was invited down front to lead cheers. He was careful not to compete with the regular cheering squad, but when fraternity groups in the stands would shout, "Give a yell, Sam," he would begin the leader-response chants that sound revivalist:

Sam: I got it.

Crowd: What?

Sam: You need it.

Crowd: What?

Sam: It's in mah eye (he points to his eye).

Crowd: Oh yeah

Sam: It's in the sky.

Crowd: Oh yeah.

Sam: It's on the roof.

Crowd: Oh yeah.

Sam: Honest troof. . . .

The variations and the length of the chant were almost limitless. The beat became faster and faster, and the cheer usually ended in hilarious confusion and a shout of "Our cool team, cool!"

In addition to their rhythm, soul cheers often have an extra-athletic message. The Lobos, for instance, have one that goes:

Leader: We got a letter from Headquarters.

Crowd: What did 'e say? What did 'e say?

Leader: We got a letter from Headquarters.

Crowd: What did 'e say? What did 'e say?

All: He said, "Hit to KILL, boys!"

UCLA's high-flying girls are famous, but Engineer Geoff now runs the Bruin show

He said, "Hit to KILL, boys!"

That rhetoric certainly goes a step farther than the usual destructive hyperbole of traditional football cheers.

But soul cheers are sometimes only nonsense sounds. At Oklahoma, where black athletes demanded and got a black cheerleader last season, soul is:

Aw, beep, beep

Aw, beep, beep

Aw, beep, beep

Bang bang

Oomgawah

Sooner Power

Chuck Cissel, the Negro cheerleader, adapted it from a black nationalist chant. Now sororities Aw, beep, beep for their supper, athletes Aw, beep, beep in the dorm and Sooners have Aw, beep, beeped at their weddings.

Lawrence Herkimer has started teaching soul cheers to America's daughters in his clinics across the country. Soon, one assumes, 15-year-olds from Boise to Bloomington to Bangor are going to be walking home in the evenings and startling their parents with:

Fe-fi-fo-fum

We got soul

Now you get some

In California, things come fast and go fast—even soul. On the California coast the best days of soul are gone, giving away to a strange combination of earnest social protest and high-camp hip. For a time the University of California at Berkeley had a head yell leader who won his office on an antiwar platform. More than 3,000 ballots were cast in the election, and Vietnik Jeff Sokol won by 1,100 votes over his nearest opponent. He was booted into quick retirement after two basketball games by Berkeley crowds that were understandably confused and annoyed by yells such as "End the War. End the War" and "Ban the Bomb."

The present yell leader, Robert Ellsbury, seized power in a reaction to Sokol. A 6' 3", crew-cut varsity oarsman, he was revolted by what "that long-hair" (Sokol) was doing to the yell-leading image, so he and some fraternity brothers and oarsmen staged a *coup d'etat*. "We told Sokol we were taking over,"

he says. "I have a hunch he was happy to take a hike."

The new group bases its cheers on a more universally accepted theme than peace, sex. "You've got to give them something raqué," Ellsbury says. He hired a topless dancer for a pregame rally. She wore a Cal sweater and was supposed to have a bikini beneath. When she whipped off the sweater—no bikini. The crowd was delighted, Ellsbury was astonished and authorities were aghast. But, since topless dancers are dished up for breakfast with your eggs and bacon in San Francisco, this hardly amounted to a cause célèbre. Ellsbury's cheers, however, would stir maiden ladies in Des Moines—or even Nob Hill. His "Give me an S. Give me an E," etc., gets the mind off the game if Cal is losing. Another cheer, "Root, Root, Root," has less to do with school spirit than one might think, and though Ellsbury's spoof of USC's Trojans draws howls of laughter in a stadium filled with people, it would only draw howls in a family magazine. Perhaps to mollify some of the older Berkeley alumni, Ellsbury has another kind of cheer, one his grandmother would thank cute: "What was Calvin Coolidge's first name?" C-A-L!

Four hundred miles south of Berkeley is UCLA, the last stop, the today stop or even the tomorrow stop on any tour of cheerleading capitals. At UCLA cheerleading is viewed as a mass medium, an important means of communication on a sprawling commuter campus. It is a stage for testing both people and ideas.

Less than a year after the Watts riots, a flamboyant, quick-witted black, Eddie Anderson, sought and won the office of head yell leader, knowing he could use the medium for his message on race relations. "It is easily the most influential position on campus," he explains. "It is even more influential than student body president, because you can reach so many more people. This, at the time I ran for head yell leader, was a chance to shoot my best shot."

Anderson grew up in Cambridge, Mass., attended The Loomis School in Connecticut, entered UCLA at 16 and

continued

now, six years later, is a dynamic, personable and popular figure on campus. He is studying for a philosophy degree, is active in student affairs and politics and was a member of California's delegation to the Democratic convention.

Anderson's deepest concern is equality for black people, which he believes should be achieved, in the words of Stokely Carmichael, "by any means necessary," even if it means, as it did for Anderson, running for head yell leader at UCLA. Anderson's cheerleading approach was satire.

"Our team was composed of five chocolate chips and one vanilla snap," Anderson says, "and everybody remembered us that way. You know, sorta token integration." He introduced soul yells and soul dancing to the accompaniment of a drummer who hammered out a rock 'n' roll beat. He did parodies on erstwhile pop and soul songs. In protest of the Vietnam war he sang *Bomb Around the Clock*, a takeoff on the Bill Haley hit. When the Bruin team played Penn State, Anderson and his squad changed it to State Penna and came to the game attired as convicts.

There was criticism by the administration and alumni of some of the yells. At one game Anderson dedicated a cheer to all the white girls who'd been dating black guys at UCLA. "O.K.," he shouted into the mike, "give me a big 'Spooks, Rah' on 2..."

He made up the popular Bruin chant: Bruin Hair Is Everywhere. When a referee called a penalty against the UCLA team, Anderson likened this to the ref shaving the Bruin. "We'd retaliate with a yell like, 'Oh, Schick!'" recalls Anderson, "and naturally we got called on the carpet. We changed it to 'Oh, Gillette!' It caused so much commotion I got a complimentary razor set from both Schick and Gillette. The next game I felt like yelling, 'Oh, Cadillac!'"

The UCLA student body is liberal (a girl asked by a friend about a boy may say, "He's great-looking, with dark curly hair," but she will never say he is black) and was ready for Anderson's innovations, but some visiting schools were not. Once at a basketball game a woman

cheering for Duke became incensed and obscene when Anderson danced with one of UCLA's blonde song girls. "She was giving me a bad time," Anderson says, "so I stopped everything and went to the mike and said, 'This woman is trying to be heard, but we can't hear what she's saying through her white sheet.'"

Soul was right for UCLA two years ago but it would be wrong in 1968, Anderson believes. "The blacks and whites are more polarized now," he explains. "In 1966 we were on a more common ground. But not now—not when 14% of the people voted for George Wallace. There's no way you can put these things in a humorous light now."

This year UCLA voted for high-campus amusement—and cheers—from a head yell leader who wears a hippie hairdo, love beads and a Girl Scout badge. Geoff Cooper is hip but not a hippie. He is a talented television major who created and affects a character named Engineer Geoff—"If you love milk, apple pie, mother and the flag, you'll love the Old Engineer." It is steam power instead of Black Power.

In his campaign speeches Engineer Geoff promised to bring back all the old traditions that never were. "Geoff is just plain folks," his handbills read. "He appreciates a sunrise. He walks in beauty. Geoff Cooper is a man reaching out for a star."

He has modeled cheers on Peter Pan and Humpty-Dumpty. One of his favorites is:

Ki-ri ki-ri ki rickety bim!
Come out of the forest!
Sandpaper your chin!
We're wild!
We're wooly!
We're sharp as a tack!
Go ye Bruins!
Rack, rack, rack!

"He was elected because he is a put-down to the normal cheerleader," says Mike Levitt, editor of the *Daily Bruin*. "Geoff sought and got the apathetic vote. He was funny and different. The role of a cheerleader here has become one of entertainer. You have to be witty and have rapport with your audience. You talk, kid, tell jokes. Possibly

the weakest part of Geoff's repertoire is his cheers." It was right in character for him to call on 80,000 people in the Coliseum to holler:

Peanuts, popcorn, onion soup
We want a touchdown
Poop, poop-a-deep.

Last winter Cooper and another TV major, Lloyd Schwartz, decided to test themselves—were they savvy and sharp enough to make it in the entertainment industry? "We wanted to see if we could work together," Lloyd says. "We were completely withdrawn from the power structure of the school. Geoff was unknown on campus. We decided to run him for head yell leader."

Cooper and Schwartz settled on the theme of the old engineer—the locomotive was so out it had to be in. Last May, in custom-made blue-and-gold coveralls, Cooper opened his campaign on Election Walk. "The first day I tried to give away handbills, but no one would take them," he says. "The next day Lloyd and I began chanting, 'Pornography, sex.' That helped." Cooper became a campus phenomenon. At noon students would gather to listen to an hour-long show of wit and patter from the Old Engineer. At other times he would sit in a red rocker, his Borden belly, as he calls it, protruding like Santa Claus. "Come up in my lap and tell me your problems," he would say to coeds.

To the consternation of such authoritarian souls as Football Coach Tommy Prothro, he was elected. However, after he came to know Cooper, Prothro began to feel better. "You don't fit my stereotyped image of a hippie," he once said to Cooper. They are friends now, though one of the most popular skits in the yell leader's repertoire is a devastating satire of Prothro's TV show.

"I have to use innocence to combat my hippie image," Cooper says. "Because of my long hair I am supercareful about the things we do. My only political cheer is the one that I call my non-violent yell:

Lean to the left
Lean to the right
Stand up
Sit down.

We use wholesome humor. I tell them not to gulp their milk and not to boo. Engineer Geoff's express is steel wheels rolling along on steel tracks, clickety clack, clickety clack, down that track to victory."

Before the crowd, Cooper applies theories he is learning in an audience-analysis course. His theatrical approach to cheerleading has led to the custom of guest appearances at halftime. At the season's first game a UCLA alumna (class of 1937) sang a fight song he had written. It was to have been a love song when he began the composition several years ago, but it developed into something called *Fight, Fight Bruin Baby*. At the Penn State game Pat Paulsen appeared at halftime, running for President, and he got his laughs with a script written by Schwartz. Once Quarterback Bill Bolden's mother was to have led halftime cheers, but did not when her son was injured early in the game.

At UCLA school spirit is not a valid concept outside of the Coliseum or Pauley Pavilion, where Lew Alcindor plays. If it is not convenient to get involved in pep rallies, the students stay away. UCLA has been called Berkeley with mothers—a student doesn't grow a beard because he lives at home and his mother tells him, "You're not going to school looking like that!" Motorcycles and cars fill concrete acres and triple-deck garages. "The university has become awfully irrelevant," says Mike Levett of the *Daily Bruin*. "Kids are concerned with being, as I put it, communitarian. They are concerned with getting the university into the ghettos. To thrust it there. It is irrelevant to ask what are the issues on campus. There are only community issues."

Fraternities, which are the spirit organizations elsewhere, are breaking down in California. (At Berkeley only 519 of 4,303 new students pledged the school's 58 houses this year.) The song girls at UCLA do not wear sorority pins because they feel teaching assistants will hold membership against them and their marks may be affected. Though they are widely imitated at other schools, UCLA's seven song girls are by no

means celebrities on their own campus.

"We are recognized on a national scale more than locally," says Head Song Girl Sue Conwell. After out-of-town appearances they receive fan letters addressed to "the tall brown-haired song girl on the end of the line," or "the blonde with the ponytail."

On campus the song girls have been called Lawrence Welk's bubble machines. "You have to be uninhabited," says Karen Keyes. "It is not natural for you to smile that much when you get to college."

The girls practice in groups throughout the summer (three are from the Bay Area, four from Los Angeles) and put in 25 hours of intensive drill in the first two weeks back on campus. After that workouts are limited to two hours a week. Using nine basic routines, with such names as Squat, Squirrely, Happy Toes, Stretchy and Kicky, they improvise according to the beat of the music being played by the band.

Two of the UCLA song girls, red-head Jeannie Wallace, a premed student, and Linda Kisko, who is majoring in elementary education, are holders of AFTRA cards and appear each weekend on national television on the *All-American College Show*. For this they are paid \$145 a week.

"These are the worst-looking song girls we have ever had," Mike Levett says, and one of the yell leaders calls them "kinda stuffed shirt. I suppose they feel they must maintain a certain level of dignity. There is the tradition of song girl at UCLA, and they must live up to it. They are regimented and don't want to change their routines."

Sue Conwell says of the criticism, "Most don't want to change our image. Most students seem satisfied with what we are now. We get 10 letters a week from high schools, junior colleges and universities—Ball State, Purdue, Oregon, Stanford, San Diego State, Miami—asking us for information." The girls are probably right in their desire not to change and in their belief that their national status is assured. Radio City's Rockettes still look good to a lot of people after 36 years, and UCLA's song

girls are more chorines than cheerleaders.

What is the future of cheerleading? One should reflect on the words of a coed from Kansas, Nancy Ensich, a sophomore who worked in Robert Kennedy's campaign. "I am putting all my spare time into what I consider more important and meaningful things," she says. "Any student has only so much time. She must make a choice of what she wants to do outside of the classroom. You can be a nothing. You can go into a sorority. You can make cheerleader or the pompon squad. You can work on the yearbook. Or you can try to do something that might be more meaningful. I am working for Student Voice here at Kansas, a group that is pushing for more autonomy in academic affairs. That's my thing."

Nancy Ensich's attitude, the search for the meaningful, is still in the minority on America's campuses. Sweetie and Linda and Zetta Mae have their thing, which is cheerleading, and in lots of places their thing is *the* thing. But what is happening in the Southwest, in California and particularly with Eddie Anderson and now Geoff Cooper at UCLA, seems to suggest some future trends in cheerleading and other aspects of U.S. campus life.

"How big is the Big Game?" Eddie Anderson asks. "How big is it when, during the other six days in the week, there is the Big Draft, the Big War and the Big Election? We need to have the kids identify with something more than just the football team. Being rah-rah for the football team is not going to get that identity. But being rah-rah for new programs will. Sometimes cheerleading can combine the two."

It can, indeed, but it's a long rocky way from "Give Me a P" to "Bruin Hair Is Everywhere." And, if cheerleading became all social consciousness, what would the poor University of Hawaii do with such a semi-old-fashioned favorite as:

Banana, guava, passion fruit,
Give that ball a great big boot.

END



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST

1. ST. JOHN'S (8-1)
2. VILLANOVA (6-1)
3. LA SALLE (8-0)

With 14:44 left in its game against second-ranked North Carolina during Madison Square Garden's Holiday Festival, St. John's sent John Warren, who had been playing superbly, to the bench after his fourth foul. The Redmen's lead appeared even more tenuous than the 42-39 score, for taking Warren's place was Shoukai Jim Smyth, a 6'4", 155-pound anomaly. But it was Smyth who tied the Tar Heels into knots, deftly wriggling inside for three quick baskets and adding a foul shot to build the lead to 57-49. Warren replaced Smyth with 4:13 left and scored four points. Then, with 32 seconds remaining and the Tar Heels behind by only 70-68, Carmine Calozotto of the Redmen fouled out. In came Smyth again. This time he sank two foul shots with seven seconds left, and St. John's won in an upset, 72-70. St. John's, which earlier had beaten Michigan State 61-51, thus faced the prospect of playing UCLA in the final. UCLA disposed of Providence 98-81 despite 36 points by Vic Colletti and breezed past Princeton 83-67. Lew Alcindor effortlessly dumped in 26 points against the Friars and 40 against the Tigers, but his nonchalance did not endear him to Garden fans. Obviously miffed—by the boos and a profusion of goading calls—he berated himself against Princeton. He forsook his usual five-foot drop-ins and moved away from the basket, where he dribbled, moved with speed and scored almost at will. Another All-America prospect, Charlie Scott of North Carolina, did not fare as well, his occasional bursts of brilliance being offset by traveling violations. The best all-round player of the tournament was Villanova's Johnny Jones, who seemed to be everywhere at the same time—passing off, setting up plays, rebounding, hitting on layups and outside shots and scoring 43 points in two games.

La Salle and South Carolina headed for a showdown in the Quaker City Tournament, the Explorers taking care of Penn State 70-55 and Indiana 108-88 while the Gamecocks downed Rhode Island 86-68 and St. Joseph's 64-58. St. Joseph's had surprised high-scoring and unbeaten DePaul 74-64 in the opening round as Danny Kelly scored 10 points in 85 seconds.

SOUTH

1. KENTUCKY (6-1)
2. NORTH CAROLINA (7-1)
3. DAVENPORT (7-0)

Southerners were more heartened by the results of two intersectional games than by

the outcome of most tournaments. Kentucky and Vanderbilt came up with impressive victories against Notre Dame and USC, respectively. The Wildcats won 110-90 as they forced the Irish into numerous errors, but it was not until the Irish went in front 64-63 that the Wildcats really got aroused. During the next seven minutes they put on a swashbuckling fast break, took command of the boards and outscored the Irish 29-8. Vanderbilt trailed 45-34 at halftime as USC's full-court press forced the Commodores into 18 turnovers. In the second half, though, the Commodores broke the press with precise passing and won 85-75. Duke, the No. 1 flier so far, came through with an encouraging 96-70 triumph over Clemson that ended a four-game losing streak.

As for the tournaments, Davidson romped through the Charlotte Invitational by drubbing Texas in the finale, 98-76, but Big Ten teams took two other major affairs. The Hurricane Classic went to Illinois, which stopped Miami 86-76. In the Gator Bowl Tournament, Northwestern beat Florida 76-72, and Boston College rallied from 17 points back to defeat Georgia 89-83 in the first round. Northwestern then brought its record to 8-1 by finishing off BC in the championship game, 77-68.

MIDWEST

1. NOTRE DAME (5-2)
2. KANSAS (10-1)
3. ILLINOIS (9-0)

Spencer Haywood and Detroit (page 40) were among the rising powers that emerged in the Midwest, where there were strong performances by teams from every section of the country. Duquesne came out of the East and LSU from the South to move into the finals of the All-College Tournament in Oklahoma City, and New Mexico State strode in from the West to dominate the Evansville Invitational. The Ducks, now 9-0, got 51 points from Moe Iler as they trampled Texas A&M 95-71 and handled St. Bonaventure with astonishing ease, 89-70. A collapsing defense held Bob Lanier of the Bonnies to just 10 points. There was no stopping Pete Maravich of LSU, though. He scored 45 and 40 points as the Tigers dropped Wyoming from the unbeaten list 84-78 and beat Oklahoma City 101-85. New Mexico State easily disposed of Tennessee Tech and Evansville.

Wisconsin's zone forced Marquette into long-range shooting in the wrap-up of the Milwaukee Classic. Although the Warriors won, they still did not look like the super-Marquette team Coach Al McGuire had hoped for at the season's start, for they

shot just 27% and had to go into overtime to win 59-56.

Kansas, another preseason favorite, came on strong to thrash Nebraska 82-56 and Colorado 69-55. Those who moved the Jayhawks, who have only lost once, into the championship round of the Big Eight Tournament against Oklahoma State Against Colorado the Jayhawks used sophomore Dave Robisch in a high post, forcing 7' 2" Ron Smith away from the defensive basket. When the Buffaloes did get the ball, they had difficulty feeding it to Smith because of a two-man zone trap. Robisch, meanwhile, put in 24 points.

In tune-ups for this week's start of the Big Ten race, Ohio State served Butler a 74-71 loss, and Michigan overpowered the Bulldogs 101-79 and Utah 111-74.

WEST

1. UCLA (7-0)
2. SANTA CLARA (9-0)
3. NEW MEXICO STATE (9-0)

Wylie McCarter, a 6'3" guard, led Drake to victory in the Dallas All-Sports Classic as he put in 51 points—most of them on outside shots—and took care of Minnesota 71-48 and SMU 86-81. Although USC beat Tulsa 99-89 to take the Trojan Invitational, winning Coach Bob Boyd gushed with praise for Bobby Smith, a Tulsa forward who had 35 points. "Smith is a fantastic talent—agile, quick and a great shooter," Boyd said. Sophomore Marvin Roberts of Utah State set a Bluebonnet Classic record by getting 41 rebounds in two games, a notable achievement in a tournament in which such men as Elvin Hayes have played. Utah State, though, did not win the Bluebonnet, which was taken by Houston. The Cougars, with their zone working better than it has all season and with Ken Spivey getting 35 points, beat San Francisco in the title game, 87-67.

Paul Valente of DePaul State hkes his basketball played like chess—slowly. During a 46-42 overtime win against Arizona State in the Far West Classic, which the Beavers have won in 10 of the past 13 years, Valente shouted to his players: "Take all the time you want. Take about three hours if you want." They almost did, but, the next night, time ran out as his Beavers lost—again in overtime—to Washington State 51-50. Facing the Cougars in the finals was Oregon, upset winner over Brigham Young, which had beaten favored California.

Columbia and Santa Clara advanced to the finals of the Rainbow Classic, the Lions shading Stanford and Purdue, the Broncos routing West Virginia and Hawaii.

New Mexico, playing without its leading rebounder and scorer, Greg Howard, lost to Texas-El Paso 71-67. Howard probably is out for the season, having been dropped from the team by Coach Bob King for "disciplinary reasons."

END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA. BALTIMORE (23-8), after a nine-game win streak, lost to Philadelphia but ended its Eastern lead by winning its other two games. Against Milwaukee the Bulls got 46 points in the first half of their 112-102 win in six. **CHICAGO** scoring missed for one half. **PHILADELPHIA** (23-10) won over Baltimore not only stopped a streak but was the "Mere" 14th win in a row over the Badgers. The men from Philly set their last games **BOSTON** (22-11) dived to two, beating Milwaukee 119-106, the Celtics fifth straight over the Bucks. Oscar Robertson of **CINCINNATI** (21-14) scored 13 of his 25 points in the last period for the Royals' edge was an three games, 101-98 over Chicago. **NEW YORK** (23-17) won all three of its games, two of them on last-ditch jump shots. Carmine Russell beat Philadelphia 119-109 with five seconds left, and Dick Barnett's 15-point effort led to a win San Diego 111-109. **DETROIT** (23-21) took two of three, including a 121-102 conquest over San Francisco. In the one four Pistons won over 18 points with Eddie Miles top at 27. **MILWAUKEE** (16-28) lost three straight after winning its first, 121-116, over Phoenix. Ford Hentz led his season-high of 31. Jerry West of **LOS ANGELES** (16-28) took a doubleheader with 10 seconds left to beat Detroit 95-93. Lusher in the game won because the eighth NBA player ever to score 18,000 career points. The Lakers won three of four to build a wide lead in the West. **ATLANTA** (15-21) won its sixth straight, 110-97 over the Celtics. Elvin Hayes of **SAN DIEGO** (16-21) scored 44 points in a 116-105 win over the Hawks. But the Bulls lost two others. Bill Turner of **SAN FRANCISCO** (16-22) took five free throws in the last three minutes to beat Phoenix 118-113 and had a career-high of 28 points. The Warriors split two others. **CHICAGO** (15-23) ended a three-game losing streak and won two straight. A 194-100 rout of Cincinnati was the first in four attempts this season. As the leaders of the West the **MILWAUKEE** (13-27) and **PHOENIX** (2-31) were weak.

AFL. MINNESOTA (20-9) held a big Eastern lead, winning two of three in a 27-118 win over second-place Kentucky. Art Heyman scored 28 and Connie Hawkins 23. **INDIANA** (13-14) lost two games and was 242 points shorter than behind **MIAMI** (13-17) won twice, beating Houston 111-104 in the Dan Freeman week 14 field shot in 48 seconds and totaled 42 points. **INDIANA** (13-18) split two games. Fred Lewis took a 15-point jumper with two seconds remaining to beat the Oilers 133-130. **NEW YORK** (10-19) lost three straight and dropped to the Eastern cellar. **OAKLAND** (27-4) held an eight-game lead in the West. The Oaks won all three games. Rick Barry getting 44 in the first and 37 in the second before leaving with a knee injury in the last quarter. Wayne Hightower of **DENVER** (18-11) scored 28 in his team's 127-112 win over the Stars. The Rockets won two others without a loss. **THUNDERBOLT** GALLAS (13-11) sold two. Austin (Red) Roberson of **NEW ORLEANS** (14-16) scored a jumper with two seconds left to down Houston 89-86, and the Oilers won their remaining three. **LOS ANGELES** (11-15) lost both its games, and **HOUSTON** (6-26), with the worst record in the AFL, lost four straight.

FOOTBALL—PRO. BALTIMORE only won the NFL championship, routing Cleveland 16-6. **BUFFALO** (10-9), **NO** **WYOMING**'s 27-21 defeat of the leading champion Oakland for the AFL championship was a very different story. The outcome was decided until the final seconds of the game (page 7). In games leading up to the championships, **CLYDE** and **LAND** downed Dallas 20-10 to win the NFL Eastern championship, and Baltimore took a 24-14 thriller from Minnesota for the Western crown. The Browns were with a defense that stopped a passed four points. Larry Kelly's rushing and Bill Baker's punting. Kelly ran for two TDs and punted 47 yards on 20 carries. Nelson threw one TD pass and completed 13 of 25 for 203 yards. Don Cockroft kicked four extra points and a field goal. Five minutes of play in the third quarter ended the Colts' win over Minnesota. Ahead only 7-0 entering the second half, Baltimore began pursuing Viking Quarterback Joe Karpis. Karpis' punt. Colt Quarterback Earl Morrall, NFL Most Valuable Player, completed a TD pass to John Mackey. On the end series the Colts' defense forced Karpis to fumble, and linebacker Mike Carter recovered and ran 66 yards for another score to make it 21-0. Morrall hit Willie Raper on two punts and completed 13 of 22 attempts for 292 yards in the AFL. **OAKLAND** overruled Kansas City 42-6 to win the Western Division, and the right to meet **NEW YORK**. **OAKLAND** Quarterback Darley Lemerone wasn't too successful against the Jets,

but a week earlier against Kansas City he threw five TD passes in the 41-6 win. Fred Biletnickoff caught most of them and also threw a touchdown pass for a total of 180 yards. Warren Wells caught the other two TD passes. Lemerone completed 17 of 31 attempts for 240 yards and complemented Lemerone's passing. The Raider defense escaped four Ken Dawson punts, and rookie Charlie Smith got 17 important yards in the second half. Smith set up Lemerone's fifth TD pass and one of George Blain's two field goals.

COLLEGE. Quarterback Terry McMillan ran for three TDs and led two in rushing. McMillan led for a 37-10 Gator Bowl victory over Alabama. The GRAY intercepted four passes, one leading to a TD, and Duke Lyons set up a 37-10 victory over the Blue 28-7 in the Blue-Grey game. The underdog West beat the East 18-7 in the Shrine game. Ole Miss State's Rocky Johnson, Jr. won the 1968 national award for another. ASBWN interrupted eight games on a 34-10 Nat Bowl victory over Arizona. RICHMOND beat Mid-American Conference champion Ohio University 49-42 in the Taangine Bowl. Dennis of Michigan State scored a field goal and the NORTH beat the South 3-0 in the Shrine game at Miami.

HOCKEY—NHL. MONTREAL (19-7-7) took two of three and beat a weary, one-point East Division lead. **BOSTON** (18-10-7) fourth in the division but getting two-goal performance by Phil Esposito and Derek Sanderson in a 7-5 win over Minnesota and by Ken Dryden. **DETROIT** (17-10-6) scored two goals in a 4-3 win over Chicago, but the Bruins' Leigh lost three others there to Kansas City. **NEW YORK** (18-14-7) beat Oakland 3-1 on Bruce Peneque's fourth goal in six many games. The Stars (10-14-7) lost two battles and lost to **CHICAGO** (18-13-2) won two of three, getting two goals and an assist from Joe Mullen in a 5-1 win over the Minnesota. **ST. LOUIS** fourth in the division over the North Stars. Brothers Frank and Pete Melrosch scored for **DETROIT** (14-14-5) in a 3-1 win over Toronto, but the Red Wings lost and tied and stayed in last place. **ST. LOUIS** (15-10-5) in the only West Division team with more wins than losses. The Blues got a 2-0 conquest from Glenn Hall at Minnesota, then beat Pittsburgh 3-2 for their 11th straight home game without a loss, outscoring the Pirates 18-10. **MINNESOTA** (15-11-5) won 10 points behind in second place, a spread only two points less than that between the first and last place teams in the East. The Stars won three of four, with Bob Raitt starting in two wins in his junior 10th game. He beat Philadelphia 2-1 and his two goals and an assist but the Flyers lost. **LOS ANGELES** (12-15-4) won and tied **PHILADELPHIA** (18-17-2) was winless, losing one and tying one. **MINNESOTA** (19-20-4), with a 1-0 win to move up, lost twice and tied a **PITTSBURGH** (21-4-1) lost three times but beat Detroit 4-1. Ken McCarty getting two goals.

TEENIE—With single victories by Arthur Ashe and Clark Gableman and a doubles win by Stan Smith and Bill Lutz, the U.S. took the Davis Cup from Australia for the first time in four years (page 20).

WILDERNESS NAMED As the National Football League's Most Valuable Player, EARL MCGILL, Baltimore Colts' quarterback, who completed 182 of 317 passes for 2,909 yards and 26 TDs, was the league's leading passer and led his team to the NFL championship. New York Jet Quarterback JOE NAMATH was named Most Valuable Player in the American Football League. During the last AFL championship game, the Jets' Namath completed 49 of 77 passes for 1,147 yards and 15 TDs. Denver flanker EARL MCGILL, who had 60 yard receptions for six yards, was selected offensive Rookie of the Year in the NFL. The AFL offensive Rookie of the Year was rushing champion PAUL RICHMOND, Baltimore's halfback, who ran for 1,823 yards, becoming the first AFL rookie ever to reach the 1,000 mark.

FRED GEORGE ALLEN, 46, head coach of the Los Angeles Rams for three seasons (1959-1961), because of what Rams President Dan Reeves termed a "personality conflict between us." Reeves concluded that "It is probably more my fault than his (page 27).

DIED BENJAMIN BENDIS, 70, coach with the New York Yankees team of Babe Ruth's first and last a crack of four home league titles, of a heart attack in New York. Bendis began his coaching career in 1925 on the same day that Lou Gehrig replaced Wally Pipp as first base.

CRUDS

10-15—Natlall 14—Wheeler 16—17—Jama 18—Walter 19—18—Wheeler 20—19—21—22—23—24—25—26—27—28—29—30—31—32—33—34—35—36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1227—1228—1229—1230—12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Eddie Mead was a short, round, smiling man with a dream as wide as his waistline. Joe Louis and Al Johnson, both big men in Eddie's day, were all tangled up in that dream: Joe because he won too many fights too easily and Al because he helped the dream come true.

Eddie had been a fairly successful fight manager back in the '20s when he guided Joe Lynch to the bantamweight title and made \$150,000 in the process. But the money was soon gone on good friends and bad horses. Then Lynch quit and there was Eddie looking for another boy.

Like every manager, Eddie dreamed of handling a champ—the champ, the *heavyweight* champ. But right smack in the middle of that dream sat a kid named Joe Louis, who won 27 fights in a row even before he became champion. So Eddie got himself another dream, and it was this: if you can't find a boy good enough to top the top division, how about finding a boy so clever he could top a bunch of the other divisions all at once. Eddie envisioned a featherweight who, having captured that crown, would then go into the ring with lightweights and welterweights and beat them all. A triple champ—that's what Eddie Mead dreamed about. Someone who would rival Joe Louis as boxing's biggest attraction. And then one night he found him. That's where Johnson came in.

It was on Aug. 4, 1937 at Wrigley Field in Los Angeles, and Eddie was there with his old friend Joley, an avid fight fan. They watched a 24-year-old Negro upset the featherweight Baby Arizmendi, who had made a fair name for himself on the coast, and suddenly Eddie knew his luck had changed. Quick as could be, Eddie borrowed \$5,000 from Joley, a notoriously easy touch, and became then and there the sole owner and manager of Henry Armstrong.

For Armstrong, that afternoon in L.A. marked the end of an eight-year odyssey that began in St. Louis. There Henry had been drilled for months by his brother, confusingly named Harry, at the Pine Street Gymnasium. By 1929 he was ready for amateur competition. In those days in St. Louis a black fighter was forbidden to fight a white man and it took just two bouts for Henry to exhaust the black competition and force the Armstrong brothers to leave town. Harry bought an old car and they drove to Pittsburgh. There they quickly discovered that medals won't buy food or

Three-Time Champ at One Time

The little manager with the big ideas couldn't find a heavyweight so he grabbed three other divisions

by ALEXANDER F. TREADWELL

pay rent. So, broke and hungry, the brothers returned to St. Louis.

After a few months they decided to try Los Angeles and, with just \$3 between them, they hopped a freight bound west. The money and the fights came slowly in L.A., but eventually Henry was able to score a few impressive wins. Then along came Joley and his friend Eddie Mead, a real live New York manager.

Armstrong and Mead arrived in New York in the spring of 1937, and Eddie immediately set out to tell the city's boxing crowd about his fighter. He told them that this was the greatest boy he'd ever had and that Armstrong would knock all these Eastern guys cold. But Armstrong wasn't the first California import Mead had brought to town, and it certainly wasn't the first time he had used superlatives to describe one of his fighters. Those in the know labeled Henry "just another California windstorm."

Not even Eddie could claim that Madison Square Garden was overcrowded on the night of Armstrong's first fight there, against Mike Bellosse on March 12, 1937. More than half of the seats were vacant. Henry himself was a ludicrous figure as he walked up the aisle to the biggest ring in the country in a tattered robe and shoes that were the veterans of numerous fights on the coast. His legs were thin—he weighed only 127 pounds—and if they wobbled it was because the young fighter was terrified.

By the third round Armstrong was indeed resembling a windstorm, but not the kind the experts had laughed about. He was more like a typhoon. His gloves flew at Bellosse as fast as he could drive them. In the fourth round a left hook to Bellosse's chin ended the fight.

One week later Armstrong gave Aldo Spoldi a tremendous beating, though Spoldi somehow managed to remain on his feet for the full 10 rounds. Then Armstrong began a string of 27 consecutive knockout wins, and the rising voice of a ring announcer proclaiming victo-

ry by knockout got to be a habit.

Sportswriters gave the new phenomenon the nickname Hammering Henry because his style consisted of a continuous barrage of punches that left opponents senseless. In October of 1937 he stopped Petey Sarron in the sixth round in the Garden to become the world's featherweight champion. The victory was expected—the experts were now convinced that Armstrong was all Mead had made him out to be. Then Mead startled the boxing world by negotiating for a fight with Barney Ross, no featherweight at all but the reigning welterweight champion. The experts laughed all over again.

The Ross camp was confident before the fight, and they were amused at the prospect of watching Armstrong knocked back into his proper place with the featherweights. Barney was the most confident of all, believing that fighters with rushing, flailing styles were made to order for him.

Then on the night of May 31, 1938 Hammering Henry climbed into the ring at Madison Square Garden Bowl in Long Island City, N.Y. This time he wore a new robe, new shoes and the initials HA sewn onto his trunks. And this time 30,000 spectators filled the seats. From the opening bell Henry went after Ross, pounding him tirelessly, and it didn't take him long to plow through the champion's defense and attack his face and body. After the opening rounds the outcome of the fight became obvious. The crowd sat silent through the beating Ross was enduring. As the rounds wore on the spectators began yelling at the ref to stop the fight, and before the 11th round Referee Arthur Donovan went to Ross's corner and pleaded with the fighter. "Let me alone," Barney replied. "I'm the champion. He'll have to beat me in the ring, not sitting on a stool in the corner."

The fight continued and Ross remained on his feet, held up by instinct and courage. In the final three rounds.

continued

out of respect for his opponent, Armstrong eased up, declining even to try for a knockout. It was the first time in more than a year that he didn't win before the final bell, but the victory was no less positive because of that. After the announcer stated that Armstrong was the new welterweight champion of the world by unanimous decision, Ross retired from boxing. "Henry is a great fighter," he told the press in his dressing room.

Now Mead and Armstrong set out after the third part of the dream—the lightweight title. The problem they faced was no longer a matter of ounces and pounds—the 135-pound division was right at Henry's normal fighting weight—and it didn't become apparent until a stifling August night in New York. The problem, as it turned out, was one Lou Ambers, the rugged young champion. The fight began as expected with Henry pounding Ambers as hard and as fast as he could throw his punches. At the end of the fifth round Armstrong threw

a right hook to the jaw that sent Lou to the canvas. The champ was obviously hurt, but the bell signaling the end of the round rang at the count of one. Ambers fell again in the sixth—this time for eight seconds—but he managed to avoid Armstrong's knockout bid for the remainder of the round. Then Ambers came back. He fought Henry to a standstill in a brutal 13th round and, in the process, opened the challenger's lip. Armstrong went to his corner with blood streaming down his chin. Referee Billy Cavanaugh looked at the fighter and said, "Henry, you're bleeding all over my nice clean ring."

Armstrong must have swallowed a quart of blood during the final two rounds, and after the final bell he stumbled, dizzy and exhausted, to his corner. After several minutes of confusion it was announced that Armstrong was the winner on a 2-1 split decision. The spectators were incensed. They filled the Garden with a roar of boos and catcalls. Torn paper, straw hats and cigar

butts showered into the ring. Many of those present had backed Ambers as the short-ender of the 17-to-5 odds at fight time. The rest had been sent into an emotional fervor by Ambers' gallant comeback and by several accidental low blows thrown by Armstrong during the closing rounds. Armstrong left the ring during the angry demonstration, having just achieved one of boxing's most incredible feats—the triple championship.

Shortly after the fight, Armstrong gave up the featherweight crown and settled down to the defense of his two remaining championships. In time he lost the lightweight title to Ambers and the welterweight to Fritz Zivic. His three crowns, 27 consecutive knockouts and 46 straight wins earned him a place in boxing's Hall of Fame.

But 30 years ago all this was in the future. In the fall of 1938 Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong were the most talked about fighters around. And Eddie Meall, the dreamer, had more lucky money than he could blow at the races.

END

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Indians usually means malnutrition, disease and an early end—at an average age of 42.

The list goes on and on.

That's why VISTA volunteers, men and women, young and old, spend every hour of every day for 52 weeks, attacking poverty in their own back yard.

In alliance with the poor, VISTAs try to replace frustration with hope. They try to overcome apathy with community involvement, community organization and community action.

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 VISTA

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SPORTSMAN

Sirs:

Your selection of Bill Russell as Sportsman of the Year in the Dec. 23 issue is by far the best yet. The choice must have been a very difficult one, for basketball is not usually in the limelight. But, as anyone who follows sports knows, Russell surmounted a myriad of obstacles in regaining his stature as a champion. The award is a tremendous tribute to an incomparable athlete.

MICHAEL GREINER

Lawrence, Mass.

Sirs:

In this Olympic year, with such outstanding performances provided by Bob Beamon, Bill Toomey and others, it seems incredible that you would once again select a professional as Sportsman of the Year. I don't wish to detract from the abilities of Bill Russell, but I imagine this latest award means about as much to him as a newsstand copy of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. A professional has his salary to sustain his sports drive, but an amateur deserves recognition for uncompensated achievement.

DANIEL ELIASON

Santa Barbara, Calif.

● For Russell's reaction to the award, see page 5—ED.

Sirs:

Your superb selection of Bill Russell as Sportsman of the Year stands and shall stand as a supreme standard for sports selections for several decades!

Bill Russell is the tallest athlete in talent in the 20th century.

He has never had an equal as an athlete. No sports immortal of the past or present has ever done for his team or for himself what Russell has done.

H. C. BROWN JR.

Fort Worth

Sirs:

Bill Russell has been and still is one of the great athletes of the decade. More significantly, perhaps, he is a superb sportsman, with all the attributes being a sportsman encompasses. He is a sterling competitor—performing at his best when it counts the most. In another year Bill Russell might well have deserved the award which you gave him for 1968. In 1968, however, the honor rightfully belongs to Bill Toomey.

Sport, in its traditional and most exalted sense, is the triumph of one man when this man confronts the most challenging of physical circumstances and with his own physical ability is able to prevail.

Bill Toomey, by winning the decathlon

in Mexico City, did just this. He subjected himself, both in body and in psyche, to the most grueling confrontation which any sportsman can experience. Toomey won his event in the 1968 Olympics pulling away. He did not back into his unparalleled victory; his triumph was more resounding by virtue of the fact that he won the 1,500-meter run—the final event of the decathlon—to clinch his gold medal.

I cannot believe that it was a mere oversight on the part of the magazine hierarchy in failing to designate Toomey as the Sportsman of the Year. (Additionally, there was not even mention of Toomey in your listing of those who were in contention for the award.) I am dismayed by the only remaining conclusion, that your philosophy of sport does not give precedence to an achievement of the magnitude of Bill Toomey's.

STEVEN WENNER

New Haven, Conn.

SILVER LINING

Sirs:

I want to congratulate Peter Carry on his fine article on a fine man, Connie Hawkins (*Shining Star Under a Cloud*, Dec. 16). Connie has overcome many obstacles to become one of the great players in pro basketball. Sure, Connie made a mistake, but do we have to punish him the rest of his life because of it? I am a white man, and I feel that if more people were like Connie Hawkins, this country would be a much better place to live in.

ROBERT FROST

Evansville, Ind.

BUSTLING VALLEY

Sirs:

Although I'm not certain of the connection between Harold Peterson's oblique comments about Appalachia and our own bustling Ohio Valley, I must compliment you on your timing in regard to our Ohio Valley Ironmen (*Pro Football on a Shoestring*, Dec. 16). I hit the newsstands just one day after Ironman Coach Lou Blumling was named Coach of the Year of the Continental Football League. The Ironmen wound up 9-3, missing the playoff by one game.

If your story helps stir the needed interest of the NFL or AFL in minor league professional football, you will have performed a noble deed. Giving comparatively inactive taxi squad players a chance to play regularly in a good league would help everyone—the majors, the players, and the minor league pros. And the minors are worth helping!

Let's hope your story spurs more financial support from Ohio Valley industries.

They, and you, could then share our fans' affection.

BILL CRISWELL

Wheeling, W. Va.

Sirs:

I'd like to make a few observations about your fine story on the Wheeling Ironmen.

1) It might be pointed out that nearly 40 CFL graduates are currently playing in the NFL or AFL.

2) Some of the CFL clubs have more fancy equipment than the Ironmen, including feather machines, unshabby dressing rooms and Exer-Genes. In fact, the champion Orlando Panthers have a complete Exer-Genie program.

3) Harold Peterson's brief description of the CFL game ("A crashing and bruising affair on the ball and away from it. The passes are accurate and the receivers' patterns complex") is a succinct picture of the brand of football appreciated by fans throughout the CFL.

DANNY HILL
Assistant Commissioner
Continental Professional
Football League

San Jose, Calif.

Sirs:

Wheeling, W. Va., is any other city, does have some problems. One of the biggest is that industry is not coming into the Valley like it used to.

I think one of the reasons is that Mr. Peterson and writers like him label our area as the nation's spittoon.

RICHARD N. ODON

Morgantown, W. Va.

HAIR

Sirs:

True football fans everywhere salute you Your Dec. 9 cover picture of New York Jets Quarterback Joe Namath has done more for the image of pro football than any single event in many years. Through your publicity of Joe's horrid assembly of hair, public opinion reached such a frenzied peak of disapproval that AFL President Milt Woodard was forced to initiate action leading to his shaving off his mustache. But Joe remained his sweet, wholesome self to the end—he shaved it off for a \$10,000 profit. After all, with \$10,000 maybe he can buy another full-length mink coat. By the way, the cover is now living my wastebasket.

FREDERICK P. CICHON

Providence, R. I.

Sirs:

I've been coaching high school athletes for 15 years and insisting that all the boys

continued



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**FLURRIES OF
FUN EACH WEEK IN
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**

18TH HOLE *continued*

who represent us have a neat haircut and be cleanly shaven when participating on our teams. You've helped to pour all that right down the drain. I know that Joe will probably laugh all the way to the bank when and if he reads this, but some night when he is loafing around that neat pad of his, and there aren't any "foxes" around to bother him, how about his giving some thought to these fine boys who think that he and the rest of our professional athletes are the greatest?

BILL PLATE

York, Pa.

REPLAY

Sirs:

We propose a replay of the last 25 seconds of the Chicago Bears-Los Angeles Rams game. The officials for this game were responsible for the Rams' losing a precious down in the closing seconds and, although suspended from further games this year, their mistake can never be forgiven. The Rams are an exciting team and have put together last-second winning efforts throughout this season. This tragic and heartbreaking loss eliminated the Rams from the most thrilling divisional race in recent years and made the showdown game between the Rams and Colts not even worth watching.

F. SCOTT HICKERSON
S. RODNEY LYNCH

Notre Dame, Ind.

A SNEEZE

Sirs:

I enjoyed Coles Phinney's analysis of Bob Beamon's long jump (*The Unbelievable Moment*, Dec. 23), but I'm sorry he overlooked the wind factor. Beamon had an assisting wind of at least the absolute maximum. The reading was 2.00 meters per second (4.47 mph), and 2.01 meters per second would have invalidated the jump. As it is, there is some question on the wind readings. Over a two-day period world records were set in the triple jump (by two athletes), the long jump and the women's 200 meters, and in each instance the official wind reading was exactly 2.0 meters per second. The odds against this coincidence are incredible.

Just how much the wind, legal or otherwise, assisted Beamon is hard to say. But six inches seems reasonable. Thus Beamon's astounding jump was a combination of the greatest talent ever, a firing-up for the ultimate in competition, a perfect step (raise for Beamon), fast runway, the altitude, a maximum assisting wind and good form. Each plus factor added a few inches and, happening all at once, Beamon achieved the unbelievable.

BERT NELSON
President and Publisher
Track and Field News

Los Altos, Calif.



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